

THE MYSTERY OF BUTTERFLY MIGRATIONS (Illustrated)

Country Life

MAY 17, 1941

ONE SHILLING



SPRING ON THE FELS: WINDERMERE

J. HARDMAN

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Advertisements for this column are accepted AT THE RATE OF 2D. PER WORD prepaid (if Box Number used 5d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Wednesday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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Country Life

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2313.

Printed in England.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
New York U.S.A. Post Office.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1941.

Published Weekly. Price ONE SHILLING.
Subscription Price per annum. Post Free.
Inland, 63s. 6d. Canadian, 59s. Foreign, 65s.

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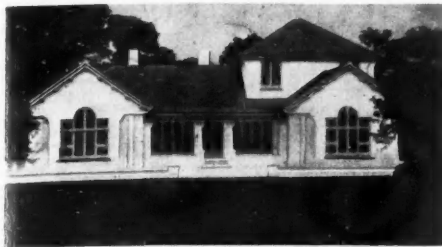
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Large garage with flat. Gardener's Cottage.

Beautifully laid-out grounds, lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard, etc., in all about

3½ ACRES

MIGHT BE LET UNFURNISHED

Recommended by HAMPTON & SONS LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.

(Ref. S. 34,275.)

(REG. 8222)

FINE POSITION ON THE DOWNS

BERKS & HANTS BORDERS Near NEWBURY

OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE

with

4 reception rooms, 12 or more bedrooms,
4 baths, and complete offices.

Main electricity. Central heating.

GARAGES STABLING LODGE
SMALL FARMERY



FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS OF
NATURAL BEAUTY.

Orchard and pastureland in all about

19 ACRES

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD

Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD.,
6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.

(Ref. B. 32,571.)

(REG. 8222)

BRANCH OFFICE: HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (Phone: WIM 0081)

'Phone: Grosvenor 2861
'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1.

£2,800. 3½ ACRES

ALTON AND WINCHESTER

between, on bus route, mile from village.

CHARMING SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE
with all modern conveniences.

Lounge hall, 2 reception, bathroom, 4/5 bedrooms. Main electricity. Telephone. Garage. Tennis and other lawns.

VEGETABLE AND FRUIT GARDENS.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (19,522.)

£3,300 2 ACRES

E. DEVON

9 miles Exeter and Honiton. 5 minutes walk station.

CHARMING RESIDENCE

4 reception, 2 bathrooms, 5 bedrooms. Main electricity. Fitted basins in 4 bedrooms. Telephone. Garage. Stabling. Greenhouse. Attractive Gardens. 2 acres including Kitchen Garden and Orchard.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,222.)

£4,500. RARE OPPORTUNITY

¾-mile Trout Fishing

DEVON—DARTMOOR

Beautiful part—3 miles Chagford

CHARMING GRANITE-BUILT HOUSE
4 reception, billiard room, studio, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms. *Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.* Garage, Stabling, Farmhouse and Buildings. **LANDSCAPE GARDENS SLOPING TO RIVER.** Bathing pool. Pasture and Arable.

65 ACRES

Land easily let if not wanted.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,052.)

£4,400 15 ACRES

HEREFORDS

8 miles from Ross. Lovely views.

FINE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

3 reception, 3 baths, 10 bedrooms, fitted basins in 5 bedrooms. Main electricity. Telephone.

GARAGE. STABLING. COTTAGE.

Lovely Grounds, 2 Tennis Courts, Walled Kitchen Garden and Meadow.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (19,468.)

FOR SALE. UNDER 50 MILES LONDON

FOR BUSINESS EVACUATION, Etc.

COUNTRY MANSION

40 Bedrooms, 10 bathrooms. Fine Suite of reception rooms. Modern Equipment. Central heating. Electric light, etc. Garages and Stabling.

Beautiful grounds and park lands.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (3400.)

Inspected and Recommended as Bargain

22 ACRES (would divide) £4,000

GLOS—HEREFORDS

16 miles Cheltenham, 250 ft. up, light soil, quiet position.

MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Hall, 3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 9 bedrooms.

Electric light. Ample water. Telephone.

Garages. Stables. Flat. 2 Cottages. Beautiful grounds. Tennis and other lawns, kitchen and fruit gardens, pasture and woodland.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (2,850.)

20 UP TO 600 ACRES

S. DEVON

DELIGHTFUL, LONG, LOW HOUSE

With historical associations, carefully modernised.

Lounge hall, 4 reception, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms (fitted basins, h. & c.). Central heating. Electric light. Telephone. Garages. 6 Cottages. Model Farmbuildings. Swimming Pool. Stream. Grounds. 3 Farms.

**OWNER PREPARED TO REMAIN AS TENANT—
4-4½% BASIS.**

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,099.)

2 or 4 ACRES

FARNHAM DISTRICT

On high ground about a mile from station. Electric trains London.

MODERN RESIDENCE IN QUEEN ANNE STYLE

Beautifully built and partly covered with wistaria and jessamine.

Hall, 4 reception, bathroom, 9 bedrooms.

Main electricity and water. Part central heating. Telephone

GARAGE for 2. EXCELLENT COTTAGE.

Lovely inexpensive GARDENS, rhododendrons and azaleas, kitchen garden, small piece of woodland and paddock.

£3,950 WITH 2 ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (10,199.)

£2,300. Part can remain on Mortgage.

DEVON

Between Dartmouth and Kingsbridge.

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE

Billiard room, 2 reception, 2 bathrooms, 5 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage. Gardens of an Acre. More land available.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,581.)

Telephone No.:
Regent 4304.

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,
PICCADILLY, W.1

CHILTERN HILLS

In unspoilt surroundings, with fine panoramic views.
DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY RESIDENCE
approached by a carriage drive with lodge at entrance.
Lounge Hall, 3 Reception, 8 Bedrooms, Bathroom.
Modern conveniences.
Stabling, Garage. Nicely-timbered Gardens.
Hard Tennis Court. Paddock and Woodland.
FOR SALE WITH 20 ACRES
Inspected by OSBORN & MERCER. (14,191).

DEVON

An attractive small Residential and Sporting Property.
UP-TO-DATE STONE-BUILT HOUSE
with 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.
Main electricity. Central heating.
Small Farm with Modern House and good Buildings.
HALF MILE OF TROUT-FISHING.
FOR SALE WITH 16 OR 74 ACRES.
Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (17,199.)

Near HORSHAM

In a delightful setting about 400ft. up and commanding exceptionally beautiful views.
AN ATTRACTIVE OLD FARMHOUSE
With oak beams, open fireplaces, etc. Hall, 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Company's electric light, power and water. Well timbered gardens and grounds. Tennis Court, Orchard, etc.
ONLY £2,000 WITH ABOUT 7 ACRES
Additional land up to 33 acres available.
Full details from OSBORN & MERCER (M.2218.)

CENTRE OF DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HUNT

In a delightful rural district within easy reach of Malmesbury and Chippenham.
350ft. above sea level. South aspect.
SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 160 ACRES



with
A Modern House of character, well planned and up to date.
Lounge hall, 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.
Electric light. Central heating.
Farmery. Fine range of stabling. 3 cottages, etc.
Charming gardens, finely timbered parks, rich old pasture, etc.
For Sale by
OSBORN & MERCER.
(17,267.)

HANTS

In a high and bracing district, adjoining miles of lovely unspoilt country.
A Delightful Residence of Georgian Character

Up-to-date. Near good golf.
Square hall, 4 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.
Modern Conveniences.
Lodge. Stabling, etc.
Delightful well-timbered Gardens, inexpensive of upkeep, orchard, paddocks, etc.; in all about
10 ACRES
Price substantially reduced in order to effect early sale.



Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (17,217.)

WILTS. ONLY £2,000.

About 400ft. up in an unspoilt typical Wiltshire village.
An attractive old Residence of the Cotswold style
with fine old beams, mullioned windows, etc.
Hall, 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices.
Excellent water supply. Main electricity available.
Inexpensive gardens, ornamental trees, kitchen garden, etc., in all about 1 acre.
Full details from OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2210.)

SUSSEX — Adjoining Golf Course.

700ft. up with fine panoramic views over Ashdown Forest.
A DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE BUILT IN THE TUDOR STYLE
Hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Thoroughly up-to-date and labour-saving, with all main services, central heating, lav. basins in bedrooms, etc.
Charming Gardens and Grounds, including lawns, rose and rock gardens, tennis court, kitchen garden, etc.; in all ABOUT 2 ACRES.
For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (M. 1945.)

ADJOINING A SURREY COMMON

In a high healthy position on sandy soil.
AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE
with 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
All Main Services. Central Heating
Delightful gardens and grounds with some Woodland intercepted by a stream.
ABOUT 3½ ACRES
FOR SALE FREEHOLD.
Full details from OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2192.)

3, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones:
Grosvenor 1032-33.

TWO FASCINATING OLD PERIOD HOUSES ON HIGH GROUND FACING DUE SOUTH

UNSPOILT COUNTRYSIDE. EASY REACH OF MAIN LINE STATIONS. LONDON 20 MILES



RESTORED FARMHOUSE OF EARLY TUDOR ORIGIN

Easily run with small staff. Secluded position away from roads. Lounge hall—a feature—24ft. x 21ft., 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, beautiful period interior with oak beams, open fireplaces, etc. Main water and electricity. Radiators. Modern drainage. Range of Outbuildings forming courtyard, one being easily convertible into Cottage. Garages (3). Cottage. Dog kennels and runs (easily removable). **LOVELY GARDENS. OLD LAWNS. FINE TREES.**
Box and yew hedges, arbour, summer house, kitchen garden. High walls.
Bomb-proof shelter. Woodland, Pasture and Arable.

ABOUT 50 ACRES (or less) FOR SALE FREEHOLD
(12,548.)



PERFECTLY UNIQUE OLD-WORLD "DREAM" COTTAGE

In spotless order and condition. Approached from quiet lane. 3 sitting rooms, 3 bedrooms, modern bathroom. Oak-beamed interior. Open fireplaces. Main water and electricity—radiators. GARAGE. QUANT COTTAGE. DOVECOTE. Deep bomb-proof shelter exceedingly well-made. ROCK GARDEN A DISTINCTIVE FEATURE with small cascades to pool below, pergola, crazy paving, tennis lawn, Kitchen, paddock. Shady trees.

ABOUT 1½ ACRES ONLY £2,500
to include all fixtures, fittings, curtains, carpets, linoleum, etc. (12,525.)

Both of these unique properties are most confidently recommended from personal knowledge by the Agents: Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

FARMS FOR SALE, OCCUPATION OR INVESTMENT

LEICS.

CAPITAL TITHE FREE FARM

of about

126 ACRES

Farmhouse Residence. Fine range of buildings. All in excellent order.

LET AND PRODUCING APPROX. £240 PER ANNUM.

PRICE FREEHOLD £6,000

A SOUND INVESTMENT.

CAMBS. (50 MILES LONDON.)

2 EXCELLENT MIXED FARMS

of about

478 ACRES

SMALL PERIOD HOUSE AND GOOD HOMESTEAD
COMPANY'S WATER AND ELECTRICITY

2 SETS OF BUILDINGS, ALL IN SUBSTANTIAL REPAIR

Gross Rents £630 p.a. Price £10,250

BUCKS

Conveniently situated for station and market towns.

FIRST CLASS FEEDING FARM

EXTENDING TO ABOUT

195 ACRES

Bounded by the River Ouse and lying within a ring fence.

SMALL HISTORICAL MANOR HOUSE

AMPLE BUILDINGS. 3 COTTAGES.

Vacant possession.

FREEHOLD £9,000

(Outgoings £35 p.a.)

Full particulars of the above properties can be obtained from Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, London, W.1.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.:
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
68, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

BERKS HISTORIC ABBEY

Dating from 14th and 16th centuries.



FOR SALE FREEHOLD

THIS MAGNIFICENT OLD RESIDENCE, having fine Banqueting Hall with Minstrels' Gallery, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, usual offices. Garage. Lovely old grounds with frontage to river. 2 cottages, etc.

In all about 7 ACRES

All particulars and price of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.4961.)

38 MILES LONDON

For Business, Scholastic or similar purpose.



SPACIOUS MODERN MANSION

In accessible position, facing village green.

33 bed, 7 bath, 4 rec. rooms. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Garage. 6-roomed Lodge.

6 ACRES.

FOR SALE.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (D.2402.)

NEWBURY AND BASINGSTOKE

Amidst lovely, well-timbered country.



MODERNISED GEORGIAN HOUSE

12 bed, 4 bath, 4 reception and billiard room; main electricity; part central heating; main water being connected; stabling; garage; farmery.

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND PASTURE

15 ACRES. FOR SALE. MIGHT BE LET FURNISHED
GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.4377)

44, ST. JAMES'S
PLACE, S.W.1.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

AGENTS FOR THE HOME COUNTIES, THE SHIRES
AND SPORTING COUNTIES GENERALLY

Telephone:
Regent 0911

OF INTEREST TO A CITY GENTLEMAN

Under 30 miles south-west from London.

Rural district, away from main roads, occupying a high situation, Southerly aspect, and commanding distant panoramic views and surrounded by own parklike lands of about

47 ACRES

The residence is modern, of exceptional character and in practically perfect order; it is approached by a good drive. Labour-saving conveniences are installed throughout. Hall and 2 sitting rooms (one very large and panelled). Flower room. Splendid domestic offices with servants' hall; kitchen with "Aga" cooker. 7/8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Studio or playroom 70ft. long (3 or 4 bedrooms could be constructed if required out of this room at low cost). Main electricity and power. Central heating.

Company's water. Septic Tank Drainage. Independent hot water. Garage for 3 cars (heated). PAIR OF FINE MODERN COTTAGES adjoining and splendid farm buildings.

SECONDARY RESIDENCE of 2 double bedrooms and bathroom with all services.

WELL-PLANNED GARDENS including productive kitchen garden.

Well-situated for golf; good social neighbourhood.

Full details may be had from the only authorised Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 18,407.)

SOMERSET

GEORGIAN COUNTRY RESIDENCE

550ft. above sea level, Southern aspect, commanding magnificent views.

Hall (20 ft. by 16 ft.) and 3 sitting rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. MAIN ELECTRICITY and WATER. 3 COTTAGES (2 let). STABLING AND GARAGE.

ABOUT 7½ ACRES. £4,000 FREEHOLD.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 14,848.)

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

GEORGIAN COUNTRY RESIDENCE. High situation, southern aspect, lovely views, light soil; easy distance main line station with fast through trains to London.

Lounge hall and 4 sitting rooms, 15-16 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light and central heating. Stabling and garage with flat over, cottage. Charming grounds and park-like pastures of about

23 ACRES. £6,750 FREEHOLD.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 12,013.)

Telephone:
Grosvenor 2252
(4 lines)

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

NORTH DEVON

A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE

in a secluded position, containing hall, 4 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light. Ample water.

GARAGES. STABLING. Beautiful gardens and woodland, with long sea frontage.

100 ACRES. PRICE £6,000

For Sale.—Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

FARMS FOR INVESTMENT

DISTRICT	AREA	INCOME	PRICE
BERKSHIRE	197	£245	£6,500
HEREFORD	474	£785	£15,600
NORTHANTS]	180	£290	£5,500
DEVON	105	£190	£4,500
LEICESTER	299	£425	£11,000

SOMERSET

AN ATTRACTIVE JACOBEOAN-STYLE HOUSE

with stone tiled roof, in perfect order. Hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Main electric light and power. Garage. Stabling. 2 cottages. Excellent gardens. Walled kitchen garden.

ABOUT 12 ACRES
FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

SURREY

Within reach of Guildford.

A fine old 17th CENTURY FARMHOUSE

with many period features, carefully modernised. Hall, 3/4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, excellent offices with "Aga" cooker. Main water, electric light and power. Central heating. Garage.

Beautiful gardens and grounds.

ABOUT 4 ACRES

Fine Antique Furniture.

TO BE LET FURNISHED

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

WILTSHIRE

EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE ESTATE IN MINIATURE

2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Every convenience and comfort.

Garage. Stabling. 2 Lodges. Lovely gardens and park.

ABOUT 84 ACRES
FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Sole Agents:
CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

NEW EDITION NOW READY
DEVON AND S. & W. COUNTIES
THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.

Price 2/6.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.,
(Est. 1884.) EXETER.

HOUSE OF SUPERB QUALITY IN THREE
ACRES TERRACED AND WOODED GROUNDS
Completed less than two years ago and now offered at over £1,000 below actual cost.

SURREY.—Glorious countrified spot about 17 miles Town. Unique modern GEORGIAN-CHARACTER house of prizewinning design. 5 bedrooms, 2 reception. Perfect kitchen maid's room, &c. TWO BATHROOMS. Double Garage. Oak floors and doors throughout. CENTRAL HEATING, h. & c. washbasins, &c. Beautifully decorated and expensively appointed down to the last detail. Unprecedented bargain at £5,250. Should be seen AT ONCE.

Sole Agents: MOORE & CO., Carshalton. (Wallington 5577.)

CHELTENHAM AND NORTH COTSWOLDS

G. H. BAYLEY & SONS

(Established over three-quarters of a Century).

ESTATE AGENTS, SURVEYORS, AUCTIONEERS.

27, PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM. (Tel.: 2102.)

HAMPSHIRE & SOUTHERN COUNTIES
17, Above Bar, Southampton. WALLER & KING, F.A.I.
Business Established over 100 years.

FOR SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORD, WORCS., etc.,
and MID WALES, apply leading Agents: (Phone:)
CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, SHREWSBURY. 2061.)

SALISBURY & DISTRICT.—ESTATE AGENTS
MYDDELTON & MAJOR, F.A.I., SALISBURY.

5, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones :
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).
ESTABLISHED 1875.

ABERDEENSHIRE

Aberdeen 12 miles.



1 mile from the sea.

Excellent fishing.

5 reception rooms, 18 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light. Stabling and Garage. Lodge. Grounds and Kitchen Garden.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD OR TO LET FURNISHED

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,323.)

HAMPSHIRE

Between Alton and Petersfield.



Beautifully situated about 500ft. above sea level.

4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms. Electric light. Central heating. Good water supply. Stabling and Garage for 3 cars. Delightful Pleasure Grounds. Hard and grass tennis courts.

Farm buildings and 2 cottages, in all about

75 ACRES

TO LET FURNISHED

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,358.)

ABERDEENSHIRE

Inch 3½ miles.



Modern residence, built of granite with tiled roof. Facing South. 5 reception rooms, 19 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. Excellent domestic offices, including servants' hall and housekeeper's room.

Central heating. Garage for 3 cars. Flower and Kitchen Gardens. 900 acres of arable land. Salmon and Trout Fishing in 2 streams. Shooting and Golf.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD OR HOUSE TO LET FURNISHED

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,079.)

GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND WILTSHIRE BORDERS

A few miles south-west of Malmesbury.

Ivy and creeper clad, stone-built residence, 300ft. above sea level and over 200 yards from a quiet road.

Lodge and drive. 4 reception rooms. Domestic offices. 11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Electric light. Central heating. Garage for 4 cars. Stabling includes loose boxes for 25 horses.

Farmery for about 30 cows.

GROUND OF ABOUT 5 ACRES

Lawns, 2 walled gardens.

ALSO 130 ACRES OF PASTURE AND 25 ACRES OF ARABLE LAND.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

1 mile of Fishing in the River Avon. Golf and Hunting.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.

MERIONETHSHIRE

Amidst the wooded hills of North Wales. 4½ miles from the sea and with views of the Mountain of Cader Idris.

The Residence is in excellent order.

Galleried Hall. 4 reception rooms, compact domestic offices, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light. Central heating. Garages and Stabling. Out-buildings. Cottages and 2 Farms are let.

Lovely Pleasure Grounds. Kitchen Garden. Picturesque and Valuable Woodlands in all about

750 ACRES

Fishing in the River Mawdath which bounds the property on one side and also in the River Guynant from both banks for over a mile and in a small lake. Shooting over the Estate.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (10,959.)

184, BROMPTON RD.,
LONDON, S.W.3

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

TELEPHONE :
KEN: 0855

VERY GREAT BARGAIN

Near Taunton, Somerset

BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

of Ham stone with mullioned windows. 3 reception, 8 bed, 2 baths; main services; every convenience; "Ease" cooker, etc.; stabling, cottage; lovely gardens; fine timber; paddock; 10 ACRES.

FIRST TO OFFER £3,000 SECURES

(Little over half cost.)

GREATEST BARGAIN IN MARKET

Sole Agents, BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, as above.

HERTS—ONE HOUR LONDON GENTLEMAN'S MODEL DAIRY AND STOCK FARM

50 ACRES. ALL PASTURE

Bounded by very pretty river.

CHARMING XVIIth CENTURY RESIDENCE, in absolute perfect order; every convenience; full of oak and period features; hall, 2 large reception, 4 excellent bedrooms, bath.

All main services.

Very fine modernly equipped farmbuildings.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

FREEHOLD ONLY £3,500

Sole Agents, BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, as above.

JUST IN THE MARKET

IN THE TRIANGLE

MALMESBURY, CHIPPENHAM, BADMINTON

A BEAUTIFUL ESTATE

160 ACRES

LOVELY RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

4 reception, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Model Home Farm. Fine Hunter Stables. 3 Cottages.

FREEHOLD £15,000

Owners Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3.

FARMS WITH POSSESSION

OXON.—WARWICKS BORDERS. BANBURY 10 MILES. Healthy Sheep Stock Farm, 220 acres. Stone-built Farmhouse, good Buildings. No Tithe. Freehold only £4,400.

N. WALES. Splendid Farm, 250 acres. All good level land, 160 pasture, 75 arable, 10 wood, mostly oak. Lake of 4 acres. Nice Farmhouse. Cottage. Only £4,000. Gentleman's residence adjoining could be purchased if required.

DEVON, NEAR EXETER. One of the Best Farms in the West, 210 acres. Good Farmhouse, excellent Buildings. Same owner very many years, now retiring. Only £4,500.

SURREY, NEAR FARNHAM. 40 miles London. Valuable Rich Farm, 100 acres; 74 pasture, watered stream, 15 arable, 12 woodland. Main services. Charming old-fashioned House, all conveniences. Fine Buildings. 4 Cottages. Only £4,400.

LAND, ESTATES AND OTHER PROPERTIES WANTED

WANTED, either to rent or purchase (preferably the former) small country house in Devon, Somerset, Dorset or Wilts. Accommodation required—3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, and the usual offices. Main electric light essential. Close to bus route. Small garden. Apply, F. W. HALL, Halford, Chard.

WANTED—To purchase, a property in the South-West Midlands, comprising a house and farming land of about 200 acres, good cattle land. The house to consist of 8-10 bedrooms in all, 3 reception, etc.; stabling and garage. Situated on or near lake or river preferred. Box 716, c/o COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

ADDITIONAL CAPITAL TO INVEST by WELL-KNOWN TRUST! Further COUNTRY ESTATES, VILLAGES, FARMS, &c. required.—Full particulars, in confidence, to Mr. C. LESLIE GILLow, F.A.I., 28, St. Peter's Street, St. Albans, Herts.

FARM WANTED with good stretch salmon fishing rights, West of England or Wales. Farm tenant not disturbed. Cottage only required for occupation.—Box "A.720," c/o COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

WEST SUSSEX—CHICHESTER AREA. An excellent Mixed Farm of 180 acres. XVIIIth Century Farmhouse, Cottage, 2 Sets Buildings. Services.

DEFERRED POSSESSION.

Moderate nett return with good prospects.

£5,500 OR REASONABLE OFFER

STUART HEPBURN & Co., Fulking, Henfield, Sussex (Poyning's 74).

SUFFOLK.—Tenant wishes to retire and sell his growing crops and stock on 300 acre occupation. Good house.—Box 719, c/o COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

SHOOTINGS, FISHING, ETC.

WANTED IN SCOTLAND Shooting over 10,000 acres. Grouse and various. Stags and Salmon Fishing. Must be cheap for cash under existing circumstances.—Box "A.710," c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

TO LET—Good grouse moor near Ruthin, N. Wales. 12,000 acres or would divide. Keeper and Shooting Box. Also rough sportsing near the following towns: Hereford, Ludlow, Clun, Chester, Rhayader, Newtown (Mont.), Machynlleth, Festiniog, Bettws-y-Coed.—FORESTRY COMMISSION, School Gardens, Shrewsbury.

ONE OF SUFFOLK'S MOST DELIGHTFUL HOMES quiet, unspoilt country near Woodbridge; Elizabethan residence, massive oak beams, fine Lounge Hall, 2 other reception, 7 bed, 2 baths, e.l., central heat, cottage. Small farm let off, 46½ acres in all. **FREEHOLD £6,000.** Possession. Photos.—WOODCOCK & SON, Ipswich.

IPSWICH 4 MILES, adjoining beautiful country: Country Residence, 3 reception, 5/7 bedrooms, 2 baths, central heating; Co.'s e.l.; good farm buildings and 87 acres (mostly let off). **FREEHOLD £4,750.**—WOODCOCK & SON, Ipswich.

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WANTED, A GOOD-SIZED ORCHARD and matured kitchen garden with small house or cottage, or part house.

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High up with beautiful views.

Valuable and singularly attractive estate of upwards of

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IN A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE

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On 2 floors only. 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 good reception. Main electricity. Stabling. Garage. MODERN COTTAGE. Well timbered gardens of

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Lovely unspoiled locality.



Singularly charming old house with interesting features. 8 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 reception. Main electric light and water. Stabling. Garage. Cottage. Delightful gardens and paddocks.

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FOR SALE

OR WOULD BE LET, FURNISHED.

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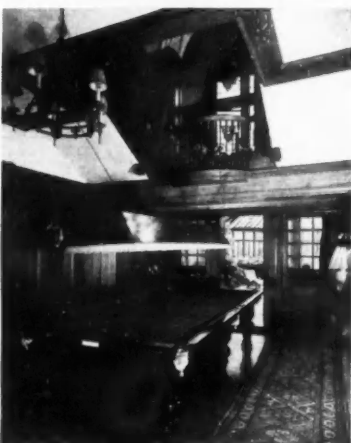
A SUPER HOUSE at St. Albans, Hertfordshire

Eminently suitable for Private Occupation
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LONDON**

Near to the Meads of the Famous Abbey.

This is a luxuriously appointed residence,
the oak and mahogany panelling wherein
must have cost a small fortune.



LOUNGE HALL. 3 RECEPTION. BILLIARD ROOM.
12 BEDROOMS. 4 BATHROOMS.

CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN ELECTRICITY, GAS AND WATER.

DRIVE APPROACH WITH LODGE ENTRANCE.
SPACIOUS GARAGE. STABLING AND COTTAGE.

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS PROTECTED BY A
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and
ARMSWELL FARM, MAPPOWDER.

FOR SALE IN LOTS or privately beforehand,
AT THE TOWN HALL, BLANDFORD, ON THURSDAY, MAY 22nd, 1941,
comprising:

LANGTON HOUSE,

WITH 7 RECEPTION, 30 BED AND 6 BATH ROOMS, ATTRACTIVE WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF
15 ACRES

LANGTON FARM	...	299 Acres	LAUNCESTON FARM	...	881 Acres
MONKTON FARM	...	503 "	EAST FARM	...	260 "
GUARDS FARM	...	58 "	BAY FARM	...	34 "

Several accommodation fields. Smallholdings. 2 Small Houses. 17 Cottages. Woodlands. Riverside and Parkland Buildings Sites.

ARMSWELL FARM, 406 ACRES.

in all about
2,965 ACRES,

WHICH WILL BE OFFERED BY AUCTION (if not previously disposed of) by JOHN D. WOOD & CO., in conjunction with MR. B. S. ALLEN, F.S.I.
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THE DOWER HOUSE ON A NOBLEMAN'S ESTATE.

THE ABOVE CHARMING GEORGIAN HOUSE STANDS HIGH, COMMANDS
LOVELY VIEWS AND IS SURROUNDED BY GRANDLY TIMBERED PARK-
LAND IN WHICH IS AN ORNAMENTAL LAKE.

18 BEDROOMS (INCLUDING SERVANTS'), 3 BATHROOMS,
5 RECEPTION ROOMS.

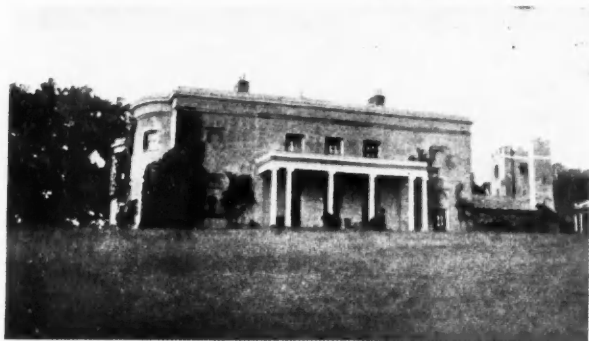
CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT.
3 COTTAGES.

INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS, PARK AND WOODLAND.

in all about

33 ACRES

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THIS CHARMING SMALL
GEORGIAN CHARACTER
HOUSE

In faultless repair and equipped with
every convenience.

3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, with wash
basins (h. & c.), 2 bathrooms.



Central heating. Company's electricity,
gas and water.

GARAGE AND BOATHOUSE.

The lovely gardens are bounded by the
River Wey.

Tennis court, flower beds and herbaceous
borders, kitchen garden and fruit trees.

3 ACRES. FREEHOLD.

OWNER MUST SELL IMMEDIATELY AT GREAT PERSONAL SACRIFICE.

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Between Keighley and Ilkley
Moor, not far from the Lan-
cashire border and the Charlotte
Bronte country.

For Sale, with attractive walled-in grounds
of over

3 ACRES

a luxuriously appointed

STONE-BUILT HOUSE of the
ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.



One of considerable character, well placed
on a South slope with expansive views.
Equipped with central heating, all main
services, in perfect order, and containing
oak-panelled lounge hall, large drawing
room, dining room, 7 bedrooms, 4 bath-
rooms, model kitchen quarters; double
garage; close to two golf courses and
convenient for Halifax, Bradford and
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Early possession.

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Standing well back from the road on sand on gravel soil.

**A PICTURESQUE
 SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT
 FREEHOLD RESIDENCE**

erected under Architects' supervision in 1902, all rooms enjoying maximum amount of sunshine.

The accommodation comprises 4 principal and 2 servants' bedrooms, bathroom, drawing room 20ft. 7ins. by 14ft. 6ins., dining room, sitting room, kitchen and offices.



Company's gas and water. Main electricity.

Constant hot water supply.

Garage with inspection pit.

Beautifully timbered grounds with a splendid variety of shrubs, rhododendrons, flower beds, lawn and kitchen garden, the whole extending to an area of about

4 ACRES

PRICE £4,700 FREEHOLD

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YORKSHIRE, WEST RIDING

3 MILES FROM WAKEFIELD, 6 MILES FROM PONTEFRAC, 16 MILES FROM DONCASTER.

**THE WELL-KNOWN FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE
 CROFTON HALL ESTATE**

Including

The Imposing Residence

"CROFTON HALL."
 (As illustrated.)

16 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, billiards room, ample domestic offices.

STABLING. GARAGE.
 CHAUFFEUR'S LODGE.

Central heating. Main gas, water, electricity and drainage. Matured grounds. 6 Acres.

8 DAIRY AND CORN FARMS

with good houses and ample farm buildings, varying from 10 Acres to 143 Acres.



OAKENSHAW GRANGE SMALL HOLDING.

29 ENCLOSURES OF ACCOMMODATION LANDS.

3 BUILDING SITES.

QUARRY. 6 PLANTATIONS.

WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN.

20 COTTAGES. ALLOTMENTS.

THE OLD RECTORY, CROFTON.

CROFTON PARKS, LAKE AND PLANTATIONS.

the whole extending to an area of just over

863 ACRES. RENT ROLL £1,533 PER ANNUM

VACANT POSSESSION OF CERTAIN LANDS.

TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE BY AUCTION IN 66 LOTS AT THE STRAFFORD ARMS HOTEL, WAKEFIELD, ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, 21st MAY, 1941, IN TWO SESSIONS AT 11 A.M. AND 2.15 P.M.

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FOR SALE FREEHOLD

**A SOUNDLY CONSTRUCTED
 MODERN RESIDENCE**

containing

5 BEDROOMS
 (all fitted with basins, h. and c. water).

2 BATHROOMS.

2 SITTING ROOMS.

LOGGIA.



Central heating throughout.
 Main electric light and water.
 Company's gas.

**ORNAMENTAL AND
 KITCHEN GARDENS.**

HEATHLAND.

In all about

10-OF-AN-ACRE

**PRICE £2,500
 FREEHOLD**

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VIEWS TO LEITH HILL

GENUINE HOUSE OF CHARACTER

c.3



on high ground, within easy reach of Headley and Dorking.
 Fine barn room, dining room, 7-8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light, central heating, modern conveniences.
 GARAGE 2 CARS.
 Charming pleasure gardens, tennis lawn, orchard, kitchen garden, in all about 2 acres.
FOR SALE FREEHOLD
 Early possession.
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c.2

In a quiet hamlet with local buses to station 1½ miles and market town 5 miles.



COMFORTABLE OLD HOUSE MODERNISED

3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electricity and water. Garage and outbuildings.
 Lovely old grounds of about

1½ ACRES.

FREEHOLD £3,500.

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NEAR WINCHESTER

TO BE LET FURNISHED

c.4



PARTICULARLY WELL ARRANGED AND EQUIPPED RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, complete offices.
 Ample garage accommodation and outbuildings.
 Co.'s electric light and water. Modern drainage.
BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS
 with en tout cas and squash courts, croquet lawn, kitchen garden, &c., in all
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ONLY 10½ GUINEAS A WEEK INCLUDING GARDENERS' WAGES.
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 EVACUATION AND RECORD STORAGE.

SHROPSHIRE

c.2



In a very beautiful part of the County near the Pontesbury Hills, about 4 miles from Shrewsbury, with local buses passing the drive gates.

SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

With rooms of exceptional size and proportion.
 Lounge hall, 3 reception, full-size billiard room, 15 bedrooms, 3 dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.
 Excellent water. Electric light. Central heating. Main water passes drive gates.
 Garage. Stabling. Outbuildings. Cottages.
 Beautiful gardens and grounds and about 47 acres of first-class land, in all about
50 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

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DORSET AND SOMERSET BORDERS

c.3

CHARACTER HOUSE IN THE TUDOR STYLE

In a lovely neighbourhood about 4 miles Sherborne.



Hall, 3 reception, including billiard room, 11 bed and dressing, 4 bath. Central heating.
 Electric light. Garage 3 cars.

Lovely grounds, hard tennis and deck tennis courts, parkland, about

6 ACRES.

Centrally heated studio in garden.
 Facilities for Tenant to have access to adjoining land.

TO BE LET FURNISHED.

RENTAL ON APPLICATION.

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CAVERSHAM HEIGHTS, NR. MAIDENHEAD

1½ miles Reading Station; 10 minutes from village; 10 minutes Golf.

c.4



ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, offices, etc. Good cellars.

Company's services including main drainage.

Garage (2). Stabling (2), harness room and other useful outbuildings. 2 Glasshouses.
 Walled Garden, with fruit trees, tennis lawn, summer house, etc., in all 1½ ACRES.

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THE BRITISH EMPIRE THERE WILL
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SOLUTION to No. 589

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of May 10, will be announced next week.



ACROSS.

- The County for fresh energy? (two words, 3 and 7)
- "Ah, take the— and let the credit go."—*Fitzgerald* (4)
- County town: the grave of hen-pecked husbands? (10)
- The little yellow god, for instance (4)
- Both enemies and lovers do this (6)
- It reminds you of Handel (5)
- Part of the garden from which you could get china if a hundred were there (7)
- The Pitt who was not Chatham (7)
- Not advice to a card-player from the orchestra (7)
- A dance or merely the beginning of it? (two words, 3, 4)
- You won't make him human, try as you may have to (5)
- " . . . Nothing to wail Or knock the —; no weakness, no contempt."—*Milton*. (6)
- Battle with a kindly meaning to a Latin mother (4)
- "Ice sandals" (anagr.) (10)

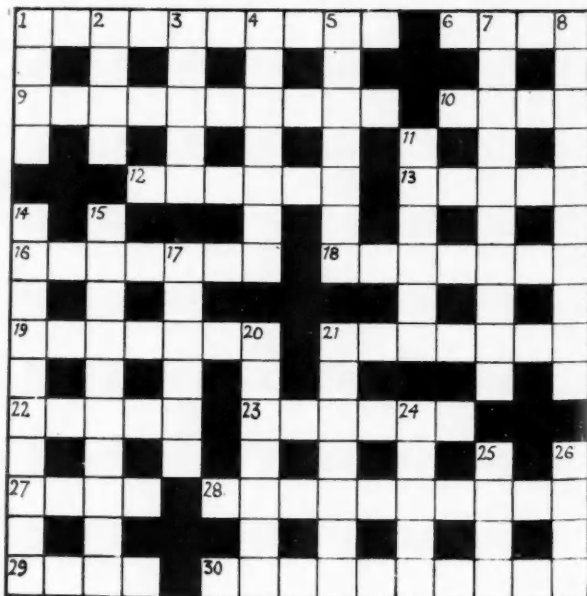
DOWN.

- Serbian town that would not be Serbian if it had a spa to it (4)
- Bane of the hunt (4)
- Red wine for him, but keep the sapper away from it (5)
- The Bodleian, perhaps (7)
- Where young sprigs are nourished (7)
- Great deals may be made out of this part of the City when it is reconstructed (10)
- The poor lie gains colour when confused (10)
- A legal sentence (6)
- "Part not set" (anagr.) (10)
- What force of habit makes one (10)
- Stop breathing (6)
- It is prepared to go up in smoke (7)
- "A nice C.O." (anagr.) (7)
- Don't call it a manual implement or a club (5)
- A regimen and, possibly, part of a regime (4)
- Put on for the river (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 590

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 590, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, May 22, 1941.**

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 590



Name

Address

COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1941

Vol. LXXXIX. No. 2313



Cecil Beaton

MRS. JOHN WINANT

Mrs. Winant, who is the wife of the American Ambassador, recently joined her husband in London

COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES: 2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON. Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 7351

Advertisements: TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2. Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 4363

"Country Life" Crossword No. 590 p. xiv.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE: INLAND 2½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2½d.

FARMING FOR EVERYMAN

THAT invaluable body the Select Committee on National Expenditure recently suggested that the increasing production of the nation's farms to-day and the continued stability of the farming industry after the war is over might both be assisted by the Government adopting here and now, a comprehensive plan based on a full review of the relevant factors; that they should publish a scheme, in fact, for the farms of to-day and to-morrow, which could be regarded as a "charter" on which agriculturists could rely with confidence. The Committee went on to say that if a full review is impracticable in war-time it would be a useful step for the Ministry of Agriculture to collect and prepare the material (to be issued at the appropriate moment as a White Paper) on which such a plan could eventually be based. The Minister has since promised to consider doing so. If it is done, then 'twere well it were done quickly. The opportunity brooks no delay. The essential facts are to a large extent available, and their implications have been discussed by unimpeachable authorities in these pages on many occasions. They are well summarised in an admirable little pamphlet, *An Agricultural Policy for Britain and a Policy for British Agriculture*, by G. Goddard Watts, just published by Messrs. Allen and Unwin. It is not only a clear and succinct review of facts, but is a plea that they, and the policy to be founded upon them, should be brought home not only to the farming community but to the whole nation. The danger is that unless we begin now to build up an intelligent public opinion which understands the case for a prosperous rural community, British agriculture after the war will experience the same disasters as befell it after the war of 1914-18. The case is stated and the preliminary steps outlined not merely for "making farming pay" but for bringing life back to the villages and enabling a rural civilisation to re-create itself out of the flood of new life that will be released if we turn once again to the soil.

There is to-day an unprecedented chance to convert the town-dweller to a sane view of agriculture. War-time conditions are teaching him hourly that as he is sprung from the soil, so must he live by it. It is a lesson which he must never be allowed to forget, or we shall find that after all we have thrown away the greatest opportunity ever offered for re-creating the whole nation, sane and healthy, as it never was before. The realisation of that opportunity is in the hands of the farmer and the Government. If they fail, a chance is lost, the extent of which is almost staggering to those who have been fed on promises for decades. The War Committees' right of entry into all farms gives them the opportunity actually to control farming operations and to effect much-needed improvements in methods—by persuasion and, if necessary, by compulsion. There are many other unprecedented factors: the power to influence the nature of production by price control; the near certainty that in present circumstances Parliament will readily approve expenditure on work which is likely to increase production; the helpful way in which voluntary service is being offered; the chance under the stress of emergency to get farmers to co-operate in a common plan; the control of man-power with all that it implies, including the power to enlist the services of all research workers and scientific experts. There is also, and it is as important as any of the other factors, the opportunity to acquire knowledge created by the intimate contact with actual farming operations everywhere, which is established through the county war committees and their numerous district committees. Herein, as the Select Committee point out in

their Report, lies an unrivalled chance not only of getting a picture both comprehensive and detailed of the actual position of British farmers and farming, but also of gaining lessons day by day from practical experience, as to the effects of particular measures and policies and the reactions they set up.

The Committee's appeal, mentioned above, for a definite plan for agriculture, to which the Government should bind itself to adhere, arises from their conviction that the present opportunity is not merely one to produce short-range results of immediate value to the country's war effort, but one to effect a lasting improvement in our agriculture. If measures taken now, they point out, are to be no more than a flash in the pan unrelated to any continuous policy, not only may they fail to satisfy immediate needs but a large part of the benefit from present expenditure may eventually be jettisoned and wasted instead of being carried on to future years. What we want is to "peg the gains" in the way of confidence, enterprise and wise expenditure so that they may be carried forward with continuity of policy into the years after the war.

LIVING IN CITIES

MOST of us console one another for the wreckage of our towns by visualising the improvements that will come out of it; and it is both a very real and a salutary consolation. How real was shown by Lord Reith's recent admission that Replanning was originally quite a subsidiary sideline in the brief given him by the Cabinet; and that it was the public imagination's immediate seizure and development of this sideline that led the Government to see the wisdom of enabling him to make it a leading line. It shows what public opinion can do in a democracy. That being so, however, it becomes of first-rate importance what opinion wants. If the nation were to insist on a vast repetition of what took place in the last twenty years, or site by site reconstruction such as stultified Wren's London plan after the Fire, it would get it, in spite of all the experts. So a battery of travelling exhibitions has been organised by the 1940 Council and Council for Encouragement of Music and the Arts (known as Cema for short), to fire the imaginations of suburbs and provincial towns as to how they can live and what they can get if they want it. Photographs, montages, plans, and old pictures combine to illustrate what towns once were, pleasant or dignified places to live a good life in; what many became, and are now; and what they can be. The ideal represented is a thoroughly sane one, with architecture as the servant of the community, not a modernistic autocrat; and a reassuring insistence that "the best of the past" must be fitted in with new plans.

MIDSUMMER TIME

THE "new time," or Midsummer Time as we are beginning to call it, seems to be working out better than was at first expected in the country. No noticeable disturbance has taken place in country habits, though the social life in many village pubs and other places where people gather is already abnormally depleted by the loss of enthusiastic gardeners who cannot be torn away from their kitchen-gardens or their allotments before closing time. When the hay-harvest begins there will presumably be a great many more abstentions, but by then local agreements about hours of work may have been generally adjusted. "Fire-spotters" who do not go on duty unless an alert sounds after black-out may no doubt be trusted to make up any deficiency. The question is being raised as to whether fire-spotting ought not to be extended from buildings to crops. The measure advocated last year to protect standing corn from fire caused by enemy incendiaries—cutting broad lanes through the corn when it was still green—seems to many people unnecessarily wasteful, in view of the large area of corn which would be lost if it were adopted and the doubtful efficacy of the plan in any case. The method which promises best is to cut the corn as soon as it is ripe and not to let it stand in a combustible state. But if fire-spotters are wanted, what about the Boy Scouts and schoolboys who are already longing to be at work in the fields and whose natural or acquired desire it always is to sleep in wigwams under the hedges or in other uncomfortable places? A lot of farmers were even more sceptical about schoolboys last year than they were about the ladies in green. But those who were wise in time had no cause to regret their venture. Last summer the weather was so good that most farms, in spite of increased acreages of corn, did not need much supplementary labour. This year the acreage to be got in will be much larger still and the need to get it in quickly more urgent. And what a chance to teach the boys lessons they will never regret!

A.M. AND P.M.

ON the day on which England beat Scotland at Hampden Park before 75,000 people there was announced the death of one who had been a thorn in the sides of the Scots of his day and of any other team against which he played. Football generations pass quickly, and memories fade, but the names of the brothers Walters, A. M. and P. M., the famous pair of full-backs, still have a formidable ring. The elder brother, P. M., died a few years ago, and now A. M. at the age of 76 has followed him. P. M. played for Oxford and A. M. for Cambridge, where he was a member of a team that was full of stirring names: W. N. Cobbold, Tinsley Lindley, Spilsbury, Blenkiron and more also. Thus the brothers in undergraduate days were in opposing camps, but they combined for the Old Carthusians and the Corinthians. Both were big and powerful men, and rejoicing to use their strength at a time when charging was not, as it seems now to the players of an older day,



10: Cecil Beaton.
BRIDGE AT WILTON. The famous Palladian Bridge and the house Jones front photographed just before the beeches broke into leaf.

most or at least an emasculated art. Even Preston North End at its greatest feared the Walters, and that with good cause, for they were eighty players, *par nobile fratrum*.

PETROL AND PEDESTRIANS

FROM the cut foreshadowed in supplementary petrol rations it looks as though we shall be able to compete in the great Scandinavian walking match now in progress. Making a sport out of a necessity is good psychology, for which the British should be at least as apt as the Finns and Swedes. Faced by equal shortage of petrol, the Speaker of the Finnish Parliament has addressed his Swedish counterpart with the proposal that their nations should compete for the largest percentage of the population walking 15 kilometres—that is, just under 10 miles—in under 2 hours and 20 minutes: a good four and a quarter miles an hour. It is reported that hundreds of towns, villages, schools, offices, and organisations have challenged their opposite numbers in this international march. Such details as how times are checked, *bona fide* pedestrianism ensured, and whether habitual walkers can compete daily are at present lacking, but the idea is one that, if adopted here, could change a toilsome grind into a matter of pride and enjoyment. As to the reduction in the supply of supplementary petrol, it is to be hoped that few readers of COUNTRY LIFE will be much affected. Either they use such extra coupons as they are allowed properly, and duly return the balance; or they have long since adapted their movements to their basic supply. It is evident, however, that a certain number of motorists have not been so ingenuous. April was a test month, for never have Chaucer's remarks about the spring call to pilgrimage rung more true than this year; or else a remarkable number of motorists had national business in primrosy woodlands and the vicinity of racecourses.

IN MEMORIAM ÆTERNAM

Had you to die that I might know
The loveliness of things that grow,
Their incredible loveliness, this spring,
With their clear pale blossoming?

Had you to die that every spring,
Returning, stirs the questioning—
If so one learns, and only so,
For whom must I, in turn, forgo?

M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

NEEDLES IN HAY

MR. EDEN'S allusion to the escape of two captive British soldiers, neither of whom could speak anything but English, from East Prussia via Poland, Hungary, and the Balkans to Athens, makes us long to hear their full story. It also illustrates, as was Mr. Eden's purpose, that though Hitler may rule the lives of millions of people, he cannot rule their hearts. Some instances of the ways in which subjected peoples contrive to outwit their censors and communicate their feelings have been published in *The Times*. There was the incredibly ingenious sonnet in *Paris-Soir* beginning

Aimons et admirons le Chancelier Hitler
L'éternelle Angleterre est indigne de vivre;

which, if bisected down the middle, yielded two perfectly rhymed verses of exactly contrary sense, which ended:

A eux seuls appartient Un juste châtiment
La palme du vainqueur Attend la Croix Gammée.

Somewhat similarly the Norwegian *Tidens Tegn* published a sonnet of which the initials were found to spell "God Save the King," while another gave a spurious account of a boys' club races in which the initials of the imaginary winners consigned Hitler to a certain place. There are, no doubt, German scholars sufficiently versed in Shakespearian higher criticism to detect such submerged lampoons, though it may be doubtful whether they are disposed to do so. The wit of the average Nazi may well be unequal to spotting them, or else be desperately employed in searching for needles in every bundle of hay. None, however, can mistake the implication when diners in restaurants, forbidden to get up and leave, because a German officer has entered, for at least ten minutes, ostentatiously place their watches in front of them and rise as one man after exactly ten minutes. Though obtuse, the German mind is curiously sensitive to ingratitude.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Irish Exaggeration—Cigarette Ash and the Future—A Poem to a Stilton Cheese—Heath and Forest Fires.

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

IN a recent number I mentioned the remark of an Irish doctor that rain clouds 10ft. above one's head in County Kerry might possibly be the cause of the feeling of being oppressed, which is a feature of Southern Ireland, and now a correspondent from Dublin has written to say that this is "unadulterated bunkum," and that he has never yet seen rain clouds 10ft. above the ground. Neither have I, now I come to think of it, but if my correspondent were a fisherman he would recognise the expression as one commonly used by Irish boatmen on those days when trout will not rise until the lowering rain clouds have lifted off the mountains, but actually of course the clouds are nearer 100ft. up than 10.

It is unusual that an Irishman should take exception to an obvious and flowery exaggeration of this description, because the one thing that makes the average Hibernian's anecdotes so fascinating and humorous is his gift for wild exaggeration when he wishes to emphasise a point. As a proof of this I might quote the remark of one of the four Irishmen in the ship's dining saloon, about whom I wrote in the Notes to which my Dublin correspondent has taken exception. He was talking about the sixth member of our table, a little half-Irish, half-Russian woman of brilliant intelligence, who was reputed to possess psychic powers, and with her very deep-set, blazing blue eyes she looked as if she did. In referring to these remarkable eyes the Irishman said they were "set back six foot in her head," whereas now that we have to be exact in all things the actual distance was probably about half an inch more than normal.

HE was feeling rather worried about her at the time, and it happened in this way: One night after dinner we had persuaded her with some difficulty to give a demonstration of her power of foretelling the future, and I asked the first question. Owing to the idiocy of a shipping agent's clerk at Port Said the whole of my kit had been put in the wrong ship, and, as its future was paramount in my mind, I asked if I should ever see it again. She dipped her finger in the cigarette ash of an ash tray and slowly rubbed it up and down her bare arm. In a few seconds the word "Yes" appeared clearly, and it was a most accurate forecast, as I found my kit awaiting me on arrival at Marseilles.

Another man then told her he was taking over a new job on his return to Egypt, and asked her if it would be a success or not. She went through the same procedure, using rather more ash this time, and eventually the word "Success" appeared, but as I never met this man again I do not know if it was a correct forecast or not.

THEN the Irishman with the gift for exaggeration asked: "Now will you tell me what year it is I'll leave the Sudan?" and after a very lengthy rubbing the numerals "1937" showed up. After this the little *séance* came to an end, the good lady went to bed and we continued to sit round the table. As the man who had asked the last question was looking rather worried someone asked him what was the matter.

"Well, it's this way," he said. "I've just signed a contract to serve in the Sudan until 1938, and the thing I'm worrying about is what's going to happen to me in 1937. And I daren't ask her, for whatever she told me I'd have to believe it."

AN old friend of mine has so far viewed the shortening of rations in this country with complete equanimity. He has not eaten butcher's meat for 30 years, eggs have no message for him, he does not drink tea, and he detests the sight of and loathes the smell of onions. The cheese shortage, however, has found a large and gaping chink in his armour, and for the first time in his life he is about to face a table on which there is no Stilton in the place of honour. The Stilton cheese he owns now, and from which he cuts sparingly, is little more than a shell of its former self. His anguish of mind has driven him to poetry, and here is the result:

Alas, my friend, you still grow less,
And I for one shall ever bless
Remembrance of your fragrant past.
All hail to you the very last
Of England's Stiltons we shall eat
Until the Huns admit defeat.
For many years in many lands
We fought the German and his bands,
But ne'er the battle nor the breeze
Deprived us of our Stilton cheese.

C. E. R.

The word "Stilton" awakes a very poignant memory in my mind. We were celebrating Christmas Day on the Gulf of Akaba, the Côte d'Azur of Egypt, and all the important details of Christmas fare were with us. A huge home-raised turkey, a Christmas pudding, Brussels sprouts—the rarest vegetable in Egypt—and, to round off the feast and give it the correct British atmosphere, a super-Stilton in prime condition that had just arrived from England.

When the Stilton was passed round the reactions of the guests to the first mouthful were violent and immediate. The explanation was quite simple; on the way down by car the contents of a four-gallon tin of petrol had leaked into the Stilton, and judging by the concentrated flavour the cheese had absorbed every drop.

TO prevent extensive forest and heath fires, when the countryside has dried out during summer, the greater part of the New Forest heather and gorse stretches is being systematically burned off at a time when, owing to the moisture in the peat beneath, fires can be easily

controlled, and there is no risk of those deep-seated smouldering patches that will remain a danger until heavy rain extinguishes them. Actually when once started some of these fires become so extensive that the wettest weather does not affect them and I have heard of great bogs that have been smouldering for years. I am told that our troublesome little friend the mole is partly responsible for this, as his subterranean workings provide flues and draughts to help the peat to smoulder, and that frequently when a conflagration has been put out it will start again in a fresh patch of gorse or heather owing to the fire working down a long mole hole.

ONE result of these fires is that we have the Forest ponies back in the highways, byways and farmlands where they spend the autumn and winter, though in spring in normal times, when there is a small bite of fresh grass on the Forest, some of them obligingly consent to remain where they belong and leave the farmers' growing corn and grazing alone. There have been innumerable complaints of the

damage and worry caused, but the Verderers, who have some sort of watching brief and limited powers, state that the farmers have their redress as they may pound the ponies and fine the owners, but I wonder if the Verderers themselves have ever tried to pound Forest ponies. I can assure them it requires the whole working staff of the farm together with the women, children and dogs, and then an hour's work will often result in failure as some wily old mare leads the pack at full gallop through the weak link of the advancing line.

In these times, when every farmer is working from dawn to after dusk, it is intolerable that they should have their time wasted and their crops damaged by these, at present, worthless little animals, but I believe the rights of the grazers are so old and so firmly established on a feudal foundation that it would require an Act of Parliament to restrict them. If this is so it is high time the Act was passed, as so many property owners have had equally ancient rights rescinded that an order affecting a very small number in the interests of a most important class, who are playing a very vital part, would not be unjust.

DORSET: HOMELIEST COUNTY

By JOHN COWPER POWYS

STRICTLY speaking Derbyshire is "my county"; for there was my birthplace, and there were spent those first seven years of human existence wherein we are supposed to be more "made-over" by our environment than ever can happen to us again. But my private conviction is that it isn't where we were born ourselves, but where our parents were born, that lays, so to speak, the foundation-stone of our patriotism.

And my father was born at Stalbridge on the Stour; and at Stalbridge on the Stour he would have liked—had fate allowed it—to die.

The ashes of my brother Llewelyn, too, will one day be buried on the cliffs between Weymouth and Lulworth within ten miles of where he was born; while just outside the lonely little church at Winterborne, which he himself restored, lie the bones of our brother Bertie.

In my own Dorset evocations, which have taken the form of somewhat fantastic tales, I have, in the supreme difficulty of the undertaking—I refer to the use of dialect—been more influenced by the art of my brother Theodore than by anyone else. He, I am thankful to

say, is still living—and long may he live!—in the same province. So also is my brother Littleton, to whom I've always had to repair for help upon the nicer points of the botany and the entomology of the county.

And indeed, though Derbyshire-born, I am in a true sense Dorset-bred, seeing that since my earliest infancy it is always Weymouth, where our Powys grandmother lived, that I have regarded as my English home.

Every county has its special and peculiar essence, of which geography and heredity and economics are all ingredients, and to which all manner of more subtle and less palpable influences contribute their quota. Well! It seems to me that the living essence of what might be called the soul of Dorset can be best summed up in the word homeliness.

I mean by this that there is more in Dorset of the special characteristics indicated by the word "homely" than in any other county. Dorset inns, Dorset cottages, Dorset farms, Dorset manors, Dorset churches and even Dorset shops are all alike transfigured into the poetic by this quality of homeliness.

Dorset homeliness makes our county as unique among the rest as Lulworth Skippers

are unique among butterflies. What we Dorset people really feel is that there's not a square mile between Shaftesbury and Portland that doesn't fill out, in some special pattern, all that is implied by the word homely.

Of course large towns tend to destroy this old-fashioned quality, and it is possible to maintain that Dorset has no large towns. "Bournemouth," did I hear you protest? Yes, but Bournemouth is one of those great "English watering places," in connection with which you never think of the county it is in. In some queer way, doubtless connected with its widespread popularity, Bournemouth has, if I may coin the expression, de-countified itself.

Eminently typical of what might be called the fairy-story homeliness of Dorset are the mere names of her familiar market-towns—Blandford, Wimborne, Beaminster, Wareham, Sherborne, Sturminster Newton, Poole, Bridport. Could any place-names in the kingdom suggest so peaceful, so traditional, so mellow, so respectable a way of life—and yet a way of life where all the inhabitants with all their cattle and sheep, with all their foxes and hawks, with all their Cock Robins and Jenny Wrens, with all their blindworms and hedgehogs, have



Will F. Taylor

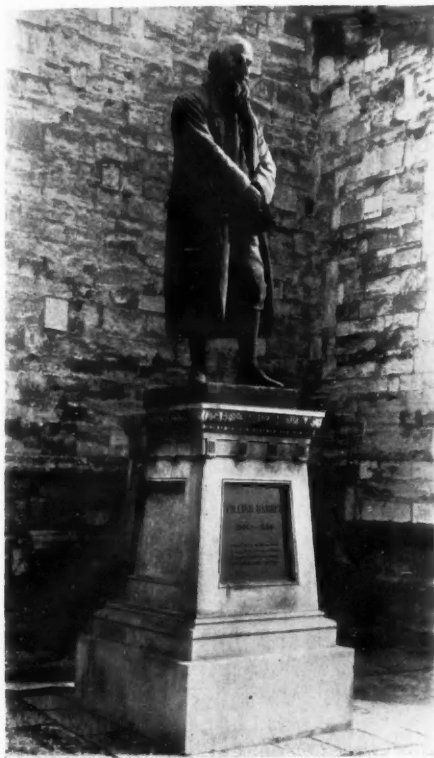
"THESE GLAUCOUS, SLIPPERY, MONUMENTAL LAND-WAVES"
The Vale of Marshwood, from Morecombelake

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a simple nursery rhyme quality like the creatures in Grimm's *Fairy Tales*.

But the crowning argument in support of my contention that Dorset is the most homely county in the kingdom is, as I have hinted, its language. The Dorset tongue is much more than the mere local dialect with which other counties have to be content! In the hands of Hardy, and still more definitely in the hands of his noble and homely teacher, William Barnes, whose statue in front of St. Peter's in Dorchester is one of the most beautiful in the country, the Dorset language has found a place—though I would never claim for it an equal place—beside the language of that north-country border in which most of our immortal ballads are written.

But, though from the highest poetical standards the Dorset tongue has not endowed our literature with anything comparable to the



"ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STATUES IN THE COUNTRY"

The statue of William Barnes in front of St. Peter's, Dorchester



THE TREE-LINED WEST WALK ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF DORCHESTER

Border Ballads, you have only to hear it spoken to realise that on the lips of the living—if not in the ditties and dirges of the dead—it has a charm that is unique. If it cannot give to our human tragedy the high poetic touch of the *Border Ballads* it can give to the simple recurrences of sheep-fold and cornfield, dairy and kitchen a humorous poignance and a mellow mischief that, properly considered, imply a still mightier work of art.

If biographically Shakespeare belongs, as is appropriate enough, to what I suppose we must call the Midlands, nowhere in our whole island is the true Shakespearean "tangled yarn" of tragic and tender, of romantic and ribald, so tempered to the times, so born full-armed for the occasion, as it is in every village tavern and every village shop, from Milborne Port across the border in Somerset to Martinstown and from the moated grange at Wool to the wishing-well at Upwey!

Think of the high romance suggested by the seignorial syllables of Fontmell Magna compared with the delicious waftures of good brown ale conjured by the name Piddletrenthide.

Of one thing I am certain. There is no county in the land where so great a variety of

scenery is enjoyed in so constricted a compass. As Hardy himself points out, think of the difference between the River Stour, whose prevailing plant is the water lily, and the River Frome, across whose shining trout-speckled pebbles trail the green streamers and white blossoms of the water buttercup.

It is true that few among the special types of Dorset scenery can compare in mass or bulk with those offered by other counties. But in these matters it is quality, not quantity, we want; and though in sheer height the Dorset Downs cannot compete with those of Sussex or in breadth with those of other parts of Wessex, in all the special characteristics of these glaucous, slippery, monumental land-waves, the loneliness that is so honey-scented and yet as free as the infinite ether, together with that curious feeling nobody can resist that over the next and nearest ridge we shall incontinently cry out with the false Tom o' Bedlam, as my brother Llewelyn did on one noteworthy occasion: "Can you not hear the sea?"—in these things our Downs are like no other.

I think most of the native-born will agree with me when I say that Dorchester and Weymouth together, although by no means at the geographical heart of the county, dominate and absorb into themselves the poetic continuity of Dorset life in a manner in which, for example, a noble city like York could never be said to embody and represent all the huge county of Yorkshire. Dorchester and Weymouth, with Portland as their buttressed and battered bodyguard, are indeed like the Fairy King and Fairy Queen in some story-book of happy ending, where the very trees and stones, the very grass-snakes and blindworms have an air as if they belonged to a lost Utopia where everything is done with decency and order and yet all is according to the heart's desire.

You feel as if in any corridor of this place you might pick up the shoe of Cinderella, or in any courtyard encounter the carriage of the Marquis of Carrabas, while even under the castle walls you might make friends with some grocery-boy who would turn out to have kissed that very day the girl who drove to market the goose that laid the golden eggs.

There is certainly nothing in the whole world that resembles Chesil Beach, that miraculous sea-bank of semi-precious stones. And if, as the old saying ran, Somerset had the richest of all English monasteries in Glaston, Dorset had the richest of all English nunneries in Shaston.

And if Dorset represents a paradoxical mixture of the most respectable conventions and the most ribald fantasies, she also represents a queer intermingling of shrewd piety with monstrous superstition. What an incorrigible fancy she has, as my brother Llewelyn often said, for poetic airs from prehistoric strings. And what a Gargantuan passion for deities of fertility! That redoubt-



Will F. Taylor

THE VILLAGE OF PIDDLTRENTHIDE

Its name "conjures the delicious waftures of good brown ale"

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"THAT MIRACULOUS SEA-BANK OF SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES," CHESIL BEACH

able tribe of the Durotriges must have been at heart incorrigible heathens, considering that at the approach of the enemy they would crowd forth from behind the walls of Durnovaria to revive in the dug-outs of Maiden Castle their ambiguous cults, even though the Pax Romana had long before become the Pax Christiana.

But it is not the giant of Cerne nor the titanic sea beach, nor the fact that the finest buildings in London are built with Portland stone, that accounts for the homely magic of this county of counties. It is the character of its inhabitants. Slow and ruminating and humorously vague, the intonation of these

unhurried and earthily easy-going people is the outward and audible revelation of their land's appeal.

No doubt the absence of industrial cities has something to do with the manner in which the Feudal System still lingers on down here. But because there is so much old-fashioned tribute paid to "county families," that doesn't mean that the people who speak the only speech in Great Britain that can rival for expressiveness the beauty of the ballad tongue are more obsequious than others.

On the contrary, in their humorous, ungullible manner, no folk are less easily "squared"

by privilege. They keep up, I can assure you, the obstinate tradition of the Tolpuddle Martyrs. They know—none better—the difference between words and deeds. It is harder in Dorset than anywhere else in the kingdom for a man to lead his audience or his congregation by the nose; and this in spite of the fact that the Hercules of the old Celtic strain in their blood is represented in the pictures made of him as dragging his victims into captivity by their ears.

We have had not a few good kings to reign over us in the course of 1,000 years; but I think among the finest of them is the one from Wessex; and I would go further and say that there is something about King Alfred that renders him—yes! more than St. Aldhelm himself—peculiarly representative of the portion of the west country of which I am speaking. Coeur de Lion is a more romantic figure and Queen Elizabeth a craftier one; but upon which of our English monarchs did the crown rest so naturally, so easily, so heroically as upon Alfred?

Could one not maintain that the quality in a monarch which the subjects of an English King have come to value most in a crucial hour is precisely this same lack of pretension which we indicate in the word homeliness? I doubt if there is any parcel of earth on the surface of this globe for which the dwellers thereon have a more enduring love than Dorset people have for their home. And is it not true that what gives to a people this particular attribute of what I have called homeliness is the absence from the scenery which forms the background of their lives of the more startling elements of the colossal and the sublime?

Indeed the queer thing is that strangers in our island, "friendly aliens" as we call them to-day, feel about Dorset something different from what they feel when fate has given them a sanctuary in other parts of our land. They feel that the very earth, the very soil beneath their feet, has the one virtue they need the most at this embattled moment; the virtue of that indefinable reciprocity between man's daily life and the elements surrounding it, to which our troubled humanity of every race can only apply the expressive soldier's phrase—"home from home."



Will F. Taylor

A CORNER OF MELBURY OSMUND

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"The mere placenames are eminently typical of the fairy-story homeliness of Dorset"

FERRETS, DOGS AND DODGES

By C. H. KENNARD

I BELIEVE that to-day ferrets fetch about 17s. 6d. each. This certainly seems a pretty steep price, when I think of the modest 2s. 6d. I used to get for the ferrets I bred as a boy in Hampshire. Actually a really good white or polecat ferret which has been well handled and sensibly treated is a most entertaining pet, as well as quite a valuable asset.

My ferrets were in great request among the neighbouring keepers, as they were always lean and healthy, largely owing to three things. Firstly they had a bricked-in run with tiled floor about 14 ft. square in which to run about, secondly they slept in deal shavings which prevented parasites of any kind, and thirdly I dipped their feet in a weak solution of disinfectant when I brought them in from work. I fed them on bread and milk with an occasional rabbit or young rats.

Sometimes there would be twenty or thirty of them; they all knew me, and I would sit on a hutch in the run while they climbed on to my shoulders and played like kittens. Occasionally a young one might nip my fingers a bit too hard and then get smacked, but I do not remember getting really bitten, even by my ratting ferrets, which if picked up when there were rats about, sometimes turned round rather sharply, but always realised in time that my hand was not a rat.

Of course, my ferrets used to "lay up" at times with a rat or rabbit, but I could generally get them out by calling them and always by blowing tobacco smoke down the holes, using an old pipe I kept for the purpose. I put the bowl to my lips and projected the smoke from the stem, at the same time flapping my cap across the hole. It was astonishing to see the smoke coming out from holes all round, and the ferret never stood it for more than a few minutes.

I think I got more fun out of purse-netting than shooting and I have had some hectic minutes when rabbits bolted well on a frosty morning.

Ratting was, and is, a great sport. An Oxfordshire pig farmer once asked me to reduce the rats which swarmed in, on and around the piggery. Enlisting the help of a poacher and dog-stealer who had some ferrets, I and a couple of other undergraduates drove over one day with my wonderful smooth-haired fox-terrier Joe, a couple of other dogs and, of course, the poacher and his ferrets. We killed quite a lot of rats which bolted from under the sties and from the numerous holes which perforated the place, but I have never seen such a sight as when we put the ferrets up into the roof. The place seemed to explode with rats. Old Joe was marvellous; he just stood and caught them as they slithered off the roof. No shaking—just one bite and ready for the next. I think we killed about 250.

What a dog Joe was! The heart of a lion, and a positive genius at any form of sport. He killed a badger single-handed; also, I regret to say, a fox, and as for the cats which came poaching from the neighbouring villages, they were so swiftly dealt with that they hardly knew what bit them. He was a first-class retriever on land or water, and no spaniel could turn rabbits out of thick stuff better than old Joe. Dear old chap; how we all loved him! When the holidays ended and we went back to school or university, he would look for us in all the well-known haunts, then go to my father's room and curl up in a chair, although during the holidays my father might not have existed for all the notice Joe took of him.

No doubt if I had been in a different walk of life I should have been a shocking poacher, not for profit or pelf, but from love of all that the countryside can produce and from the satisfaction of pitting one's knowledge against the wits of the game or vermin pursued.

Talking of poachers reminds me that one day, when fishing the Itchin during my school-days at Winchester, I became aware that a rough dark lad was watching my efforts at dry-fly fishing. Presently he said: "You don't know how to catch 'em." Rather nettled, I said: "Well, can you?" "Yes, give me your rod."

He looked all round and, seeing nobody about, took off the top joint of my three-joint, green-heart, pulled a rusty noose of steel wire out of his pocket, twisted it on to the top of the second joint, and said: "Come along o' me." He slouched along the bank, peering into the water, suddenly stopped and said: "See that one?" There lay a trout of about 1½ lb. under some waving weed. He seemed to take no trouble at all, but just poked the rod in, gave a quick pull, and out came the trout and into his pocket. With a "That's the way to catch 'em" he slouched off. He was Irish, and his name was O'Callaghan.

Many years afterwards I was fishing at



A FERRET VERY FRIENDLY WITH ITS OWNER

St. Cross, and one of the river keepers came up and chatted of fishy things. I asked him if there was any trout poaching done. "Not a lot, at the moment, but there's a chap called O'Callaghan who is a fair devil at it. We're quit of him for a month for a very good reason, but nothing can stop him. If we weren't always on the look-out, he'd have every fish in the river. He's a master." Then he added: "Can't help liking the chap."

One evening I went pigeon shooting. As it was Saturday, probably lots of people did the same. Probably, too, they fired quite a lot of cartridges and got very few pigeons. "D—d difficult, these pigeons," they say.

Perhaps some of these people are quite good shots. Why are pigeons coming in to roost so difficult? They see the man jerk his white face and hands up, and promptly jink right or left as the gun goes off. Result, a miss. It is curious how few people think of wearing a veil or, better still, blacking their faces with a burnt cork. It makes the whole difference.

I was on a platform amid the tree-tops, with my face duly blacked and with dark mittens on my hands. The pigeons apparently did not see me. Many passed within a few feet of me. I shot twenty-four in a short time, but without my "black-out" I doubt if I should have got half a dozen. If you are on the ground the result is still more marked. It is stale news to some people, but few pigeon shooters of my acquaintance seem to know this tip.

Pigeon shooting is a splendid school for making a young dog steady. He, or she, sees the pigeon falling from bough to bough, but must remain "put" till told to fetch. I have never found that the loose feathers put a "proper" pup off, as some people seem to think. I can leave Dan and Sally under my

platform for an hour with pigeons falling all round them and they remain "put" till I come down. Then I send them alternately till I have got what I reckoned and probably two or three more runners farther off. Don't forget to take a wet towel to wipe your face, or if you are stopped by a Home Guard he may be suspicious. I know this!

While talking of dog training, I wonder if you know this tip for teaching to "mark," that time-saving quality. Go to a rough grass field with four or five old tennis balls. Make your pup sit and throw the balls as far as you can in different directions, then point to the one you want. My Sally, aged two, will now get five. If she starts for the wrong one I say "No" and point again where she is to go. Sometimes I vary the lesson by walking 100 yds. from her and throwing two or three, then go back and send her, but this is more difficult, and I find two is about the limit. I make her put her paws on my chest to deliver, as I find it makes for a nice high delivery with game.

One could go on digging up old dodges and memories; chestnuts to many, but perhaps useful to some. Though I have not a word to say in favour of killing little birds with a catapult—and I am sorry to say that as a boy I have done so—yet as a means of learning the ways and habits of our birds and beasts the catapult has its points.

I can truly say that I know all our Hampshire birds not only by their plumage, but by their voices and flight. A glance at a bird flying 100 yds. away, and I know quite certainly whether it is a yellow-hammer, chaffinch or what not. What arguments I have had with other boys about the difference between a chaffinch and a brambling. They certainly are much alike in habits and flight, but, if you are flat on your stomach under a yew bough with dozens of both birds within a yard of you, there can be no mistake.

I once stalked a flock of wood pigeons feeding on the beech nuts in a Hampshire belt and actually got hold of the pink foot of a pigeon with my hand as it perched within a few inches of my head on the flat yew bough under which I lay watching the flock surrounding me. It was an exciting and interesting experience, and a much more difficult stalk than one I had in British Columbia when I got to within twenty yards of three Bighorn rams, with a camera, not a catapult. I never saw the photograph, as the camera and film were stolen from me in Panama a few weeks later, to my lasting regret. I recovered the camera through our Consul, but the thief had broken it open with "some blunt instrument," as our police term any unknown weapon, and that was the end of my stalk with a camera.

When the pigeon shooting is over, I oil my guns, ease the springs and put them away in the gun cupboard. Some people (including our local gunsmith) do not know this dodge for easing the ejector springs. Put the dummy snap cartridges in, snap both triggers, open the gun, ejecting the cartridges, but with your hand stop the cartridges from coming right out. Then as you close the gun, release the fore-end, taking the latter off as the gun closes. You will find that the ejector springs have been released. Now snap both triggers and put the gun away. Don't forget that you cannot put the fore end on again until you have re-cocked the ejector. You can easily do this with a piece of hard wood, both ejectors together or one at a time. My guns are Boss single trigger, and, though I have had them nearly forty years, they eject as well as ever. The whole operation takes about three minutes.

A first-class gun by a good gunmaker is a work of art and a beautiful piece of mechanism. As I leave the house after a shooting visit, the butler often tells me that my guns have been well cleaned, but I always go over them, when I get home, and often find hidden rain drops. It pays every time.

MYSTERY OF BUTTERFLY MIGRATIONS



LONG FLIGHTS OVER LAND AND OCEAN

By

C. B. WILLIAMS, Sc.D.

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(Left) THE PAINTED LADY.—Some butterflies of this species fly over 1,000 miles

(Right) LARGE CABBAGE WHITE. Swarms of this butterfly migrate across Europe



THERE are about 10,000 species of butterflies known in the world, of which, however, fewer than 70 have been captured in the British Isles. The majority of these have a short life of from one to three weeks and usually live, flutter round and die in a relatively small area, sometimes indeed only a few hundred yards square.

There are, however, quite a number which have a much longer adult life (up to 10 months or a year) and some of these set off on long steady flights in one particular direction and may cover many hundreds of miles before they settle down again to the normal business of life.

These flights, which in some cases closely resemble the migrations of birds, may consist only of a few individuals, widely scattered and quite out of sight of one another, or at the other end of the scale, of great swarms of millions of butterflies forming conspicuous clouds, very like swarms of locusts.

Between these two extremes every gradation exists. The thick swarms are obvious to the general public and get recorded in newspapers, but the thin flights can only be seen by careful observation and by experienced naturalists.

This habit of migration is not by any means rare. Although spectacular flights of hundreds of thousands of butterflies are usually seen only in the tropics, yet even in England quite obvious movements occur at times, and over one-fifth of our species are partly or wholly dependent on migration for their occurrence in this country.

Such butterflies as, for example, the rare Bath-white and long-tailed blue, the Queen of Spain fritillary, the monarch and the Camberwell

beauty, rarely if ever breed in this country, and all individuals captured or seen in Britain are immigrants.

The clouded yellow, pale clouded yellow, painted lady and red admiral, on the other hand, come from the south nearly every spring, lay eggs and breed here during the summer, and their progeny, which are home-bred individuals but from foreign parents, either return south or die out in the autumn. These species seldom or never survive the winter here.

Finally there are the three "cabbage whites," which are permanent residents and regularly pass through our winter in the chrysalis stage but are reinforced at irregular intervals by immigrations from abroad; as for example the great flight of the large and small cabbage whites to our south coast in July and August last year.

Painted lady butterflies start their migrations in the early spring somewhere along the edges of the great desert belt that spreads across the northern part of Africa. From this area they fly into Egypt and the rest of the North African coast. They cross the Mediterranean without much difficulty (often flying throughout the night) and reach southern Europe about the first half of May; then they work their way north to Britain and Central Europe, where they usually arrive early in June.

In some years they carry on still farther to the extreme north of Scotland or even occasionally as far as Iceland; while farther east, in Scandinavia and North Russia, they have been reported nearly to the Arctic Circle. Individual butterflies may thus fly well over 1,000 miles.

I have myself seen these extraordinary flights coming into Cairo out of the desert from

the south—tens of thousands of butterflies suddenly arriving and then a few days later all gone. And again I have seen them in small numbers, each individual well out of sight of the others, flying just above the water over 50 miles from land in the Mediterranean. Indeed, on one occasion I caught a painted lady which flew on board my steamer in the Mediterranean at half-past twelve at night; and on the same night in another steamer about 500 miles away, a friend of mine caught a second specimen also well after dark.

The painted lady also migrates regularly into the south-western United States from some unknown source in Mexico, and from there it may spread over the greater part of the States and southern Canada.

The great migrant of North America is, however, undoubtedly the monarch, or milkweed butterfly; a large insect about four inches across the wings, reddish brown in colour and with dark lines along the veins of the wing. This magnificent butterfly is found commonly throughout the summer as far north as southern Canada. In the autumn the butterflies congregate into bands, at first small, then larger and larger till some of them contain many thousands of insects; and these bands set off on a long trek south to Florida, Mexico and southern California, which they reach about October.

Little or nothing is known of what happens to the ones that pass into Mexico, but in Florida and California the bands settle down on trees and pass the winter in a state of semi-hibernation, fluttering round occasionally on warm sunny days and on cold wet ones pressing closer into the main branches and the centre of the tree. Nearly all the hibernating localities at present known are within a few miles of the sea coast, and the one farthest north is in the neighbourhood of San Francisco.

At one well known locality, Pacific Grove, about 90 miles south of San Francisco, butterflies have been known to come each year to almost the same groups of trees for over 80 years. They are one of the attractions of the district and a municipal by-law has been made fining anyone who disturbs or interferes with the butterflies.

In the spring, about March, the bands begin to break up and leave their winter quarters. Now, however, the butterflies have almost lost their gregarious instinct and they work their way back to the north singly or in small groups; only very rarely in large numbers as are seen in the autumn movement to the south. As they go north they lay their eggs on the common poisonous weed, the milkweed, which is just coming into leaf, and from these come three, two or one generation (according to how far north the parents have travelled) before the time comes for them to migrate again to the south.

Thus, the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the butterflies that fly north in the spring come south again in the autumn. But the individuals that fly south in the autumn again fly north in the spring, a double journey that may easily extend to over 2,000 miles.

On about 150 occasions in the last 60 years



A BRANCH OF A PINE-TREE IN CALIFORNIA, THICK WITH
HIBERNATING MONARCHS

monarch butterflies have been captured or seen in the British Isles; chiefly along the south coasts of England, Wales and Ireland, and most frequently of all in Cornwall and Devon. Have these butterflies flown across the Atlantic on their own wings, or have they been carried over in some steamer? The answer is still uncertain.

But we do know, first, that the butterflies are capable of flights of 1,000 miles or more on land; secondly, that the prevailing winds across the north Atlantic are from west to east and would strongly assist any such flights; and thirdly that near the end of last century a boat on the way out to U.S.A. from Glasgow lost a number of monarchs when she was about 100 miles from the British shores. These butterflies most certainly could not have come from Scotland in the boat; and it is difficult to believe that they had come this far from America in another boat and then left it. The most obvious explanation is that they had been part of a swarm migrating down the eastern coast of America (where such flights are frequent) but had lost their direction and, assisted by the prevailing winds, were crossing to Europe. Whether, however, this is the true explanation may never be known.

Perhaps when the world has returned to sanity some readers of COUNTRY LIFE who are fortunate enough to be crossing the North Atlantic in the autumn will keep a close watch, both on the ship and over the sea, for straying monarchs and so help towards settling this puzzling problem.

One more example must suffice to show the remarkable nature of these butterfly movements. Nearly every year the large cabbage white butterfly migrates in great swarms in the second half of July, starting apparently from

Scandinavia or from the islands in the Baltic and flying southwards through eastern Germany to Austria and Switzerland. The swarms are sometimes so dense as to resemble snowstorms. Against the great mass of the Alps, however, the flights seem to break up, and there is no evidence as yet that they cross over into Italy and the Mediterranean area. Nor, on the other hand, is there any evidence of a return flight to the north at this or any other time of the year.

Offshoots of the main migration often seem to break off to the west and cross the North Sea, Holland, Belgium and northern France, and at times the butterflies reach our eastern, south-eastern and south coast in large numbers. I have already referred to such an immigration that occurred all along our southern coasts in July, 1940. Simultaneously there were also considerable flights over the central portion of England towards the south, but the origin of these, whether within or outside our country, has not yet been settled.

It will, I think, be obvious that we are dealing with a habit in butterflies of most remarkable interest, and a number of questions immediately comes to mind. Why do they migrate? How do they find their way? What makes them start? How do they know when to stop? Over all these questions naturalists have been puzzling their brains for years, and not merely in connection with butterflies, for the same problems arise in the study of the migrations of birds, fishes and other animals.

Perhaps the most difficult of all is to understand the method by which they keep to an approximately compass-true path over hundreds of miles of desert, cultivation, mountain and sea. No mechanism is yet known by which this can be accomplished. The movements

appear to be unrelated to the direction of the wind or the position of the sun, and recent experiments of the effect of a magnetic field on insects have failed to show any result.

Whatever may be the answers to such questions, we feel that we are more likely to get to them if we have a mass of really reliable observations on which to base our discussions. Our first records of directional flights date back over 150 years, but it is only within the last 20 years that systematic efforts have been made to collect observations on a large scale.

Then some years ago we decided that our evidence was biased by the fact that the large conspicuous movements were often recorded, but the small thin flights, though often of equal importance, were being overlooked and neglected. Since then we have paid particular attention to regular watching by observers who are on the look-out for even the smallest evidence of movement.

We have now in this country an organisation of amateur observers whose activities are co-ordinated under the Insect Immigration Committee of the South-Eastern Union of Scientific Societies (secretary: Captain T. Dannreuther, R.N., Windycroft, Hastings), and the Natural History Museum at South Kensington has co-operated by issuing two booklets on the subject at 9d. each with coloured plates. One is on the butterflies and moths that migrate into the British Isles and the other on migrations in the tropics. From these readers can get coloured illustrations of the chief migrants and details of the movements of other species that it is not possible to deal with here.

Further help is always welcome, as it is only by a widespread net of observers that we can get the necessary facts on which to base our discussions in the future.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS

I WAS reading the other day an entertaining article by Henry Cotton in which he proposed adding an interest to golf in the matter of teeing-grounds. He wanted, or at any rate he said he wanted, the tees at different holes to be built at different angles, thus setting the player a more varied and testing examination in strokes. I am afraid it is but a beautiful and fantastic dream, for Cotton himself suggests the answer that would be made by the workaday golfer, namely, that "Golf is quite difficult enough as it is."

Of course, it would not of necessity be more difficult. For instance, most of us would find life distinctly easier if, with a towering mountain of sand in front of us, we could have a tee that sloped slightly upwards to give us confidence and get the ball into the air for us. Even to that pretty picture, however, there is a reverse side. Suppose the wind was blowing hard against us and from the right, and suppose further that on the left-hand side of the course was terrible tiger country or out-of-bounds. I was writing the other day about the rare power of holding the ball up into a right-hand wind. Well, such a tee in such a wind might test that power in us altogether beyond endurance.

Cotton's plan would in some ways have appealed to Mr. John Ball, but to what fierce uses would he have put it! I am sure I must have quoted before a remark he made to me once *à propos* the old Rushes hole at Hoylake and the new one that succeeded it. At the old one, he said, the player had to do all the work himself; he had to get the ball into the air, and he had to make it stop when it came down; from the high tee at the new hole any fool could accomplish both these things. So if he had been allowed to make sloping tees, I fancy he would have set them at the cruellest angles and would have insisted on our driving from steeply hanging lies when we had mountains in front of us.

The plan will never be adopted, but in imagination it is rather amusing to carry it one step further; to have two tees, one sloping upwards and the other downwards, and let the man who has the honour choose whichever he likes and insist on his opponent taking the other! That would be delightfully malevolent.

The place for playing such antics, if we play them at all, is on a private or garden

course. There the game is not too solemn, and a putt which cannot possibly be laid dead or an impenetrable bush some four yards from the flag adds a spice to life.

I have heard suggested a course on which the holes should be of different sizes and shapes; one should be in the nature of a soup plate, and the next only just large enough to hold the

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

ball; there should be square holes, triangular holes and others emulating the figures in our old friend Euclid, whose names now escape me. This would give some scope for manoeuvring. It would clearly be easier to attack a triangular hole from the side of the base rather than the apex. The local player would, as Tom Morris said of Allan Robertson, "aye ken the muckle side of the hole." It would be the best of fun for a little while, but would it be fun for long? That is the question, to which my tentative answer is that we should grow tired of it and long for the more prosaic and monotonous game we were used to.

The most eccentric and, up to a point, amusing putting that I know is to be had at Worlington, when, on not too serious an occasion, Mr. "Boxer" Cannon allows himself a free rein. The greens there are some of the finest in the world, but they are never at the best of times easy, being very keen and full of tricky little runs and borrows. When Mr. Cannon has them shaved down to the last millimetre and then exercises his inventive genius in cutting the holes on tops of small knolls and the sides of small precipices, we grow so frightened as almost to miss the globe. I remember one jovial two-day match by foursomes between the Worlington club and the Old Carthusians, for which Mr. Cannon let himself go. The fun was uproarious for a while, but towards the end I think most people would have liked to regain their nerve by a little putting on a grassy lawn-tennis court.

The joke was almost too good, and that

is the defect in most golfing experiments: we grow weary of them. I remember, nearly thirty years ago now, a match at Sunningdale which created some interest beforehand, between Alfred Toogood, who played blindfolded, and Mr. Tindal Atkinson. It was frankly a "stunt," but it seemed as if it might be an amusing one, and I duly went down to see it. For a little while it was interesting to see Toogood being solemnly blindfolded before each shot, and to speculate on how he would fare. It was a very little while, however, and long before Mr. Tindal Atkinson had won (I think it was by 8 and 7) the match had degenerated into the most intolerable bore that was ever endured upon a golf course.

A one-club match is good fun for a few holes, and when I look at the records of old combats I wish I could have seen Young Tommy Morris and Bob Ferguson encounter each other with a cleek apiece; and yet I wonder whether nine holes of it would not have been better than eighteen. Even the charming Miss Minoprio, battling round in the Ladies' Championship, with her lone cleek against a fully armed adversary, grew perceptibly less exciting after the first surprise. In my standby *The Golfer's Year Book* are recorded many of these adventures, of men playing in full suits of armour, of courses dotted with artificial cows, and so on. Did the on-lookers go all the way round, I wonder, or did they gradually fade away?

There is one such freakish feat recorded from the last war as taking place on a course I know very well. It appears that one Farrar, later a professional at Athens, undertook to go round Royston in under 100 "equipped in full infantry marching order, water-bottle, full field kit and haversack." Ten to one was apparently laid against him, and he went round in ninety-four.

When I think of the hills and the valleys of Royston, I recognise this as a remarkable feat; but I think that, had I been an onlooker, I should never have got past the deep descent that leads to the Therfield road. Perhaps we are most of us dull dogs, for I believe we like golf best as it is and without any eccentricities. The weather provides a good many of these, and we can, as a rule, provide the rest by our own human frailties.

A COTSWOLD VILLAGE RECONDITIONED

CORNWELL MANOR, OXFORDSHIRE—I

Mrs. Anthony Gillson, at the same time as restoring the manor house in 1938-39, completely reconditioned the adjoining village with the help of Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, F.R.I.B.A.

MRS. ANTHONY GILLSON bought the Cornwell estate two years ago. Immediately she saw the condition of the houses in the little village on the property she decided that she could not think of enlarging and doing up the manor house unless she did the same proportionately for every cottage, and every farm on the estate. The "model village" that has resulted from this generous impulse is illustrated in the accompanying photographs. Cornwell, a hamlet in danger of becoming a derelict "rural slum," is now equipped with electric light and power, running water, and the domestic conveniences, besides having regained an active social life and a strikingly picturesque character.

But before describing what has been done it is important to set this remarkable undertaking in correct perspective. For it may be asked in some quarters why, if a landowner can do this in one case, all landowners should not put the cottages and villages on their properties in equally good order. A popular view of the landowner, and one that is gaining wide acceptance, is that he is responsible to the nation, not only for keeping all houses on his property in repair and sanitary, but for equipping them with modern conveniences and maintaining the scenic character of his piece of the countryside. Under more favourable circumstances than has been their lot for the last generation or so, this is doubtless what all good country landowners would like to do and, in spite of taxation, death duties, and the nation's agricultural policy, the majority of landowners have struggled gallantly to do as much of it as they could afford; or, when it was beyond their means, sold their ancestral acres to those who, it might be hoped, would be better endowed for their responsi-

bilities. Unfortunately, change of ownership does not always prove a change for the better: Cornwell is an exceptional instance where it has, largely because the village is so small and self-contained that it could be treated as being in reality a community of estate employees.

That, no doubt, is what it originally was in feudal times: the dwelling-place of the serfs and bordars attached to the manor. But the feudal system affords no precedent for the modern landowner's actual or supposed responsibilities. The feudal lord was under no obligation to house his dependants or even to repair their holdings. Mediaeval bailiffs' accounts are silent on the subject of housing. The tenant paid a rent of a shilling or two a year, and the presumption is that the payment included the right

to erect, and maintain, a hovel on the land so leased: tenants had customary rights of "housebote," *i.e.* to obtain building materials from the lord's domain. The landlord's responsibility for the building and maintenance of cottages is a relatively recent development, first undertaken voluntarily from aesthetic rather than humanitarian motives. Probably the first "model villages," built at a landlord's charge, are those like Milton Abbas (Dorset) and Nuneham Courtenay (Oxon), erected because the Georgian squire wished to remove the old village from the neighbourhood of his own house. By 1800 the taste for the picturesque, besides giving us thousands of square miles of beautifully landscaped country, included among the essentials of a "gentleman's seat" a neat but quaint village, decently maintained. The



1.—IN FRONT OF THE MANOR HOUSE, LOOKING PAST THE STABLES TOWARDS THE GARDENS AND VILLAGE



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2.—THE MANOR HOUSE, FROM THE VALLEY

"Country Life"



3.—LOOKING UP THE VILLAGE STREET FROM THE GREEN



Copyright

"Country Life"

4.—THE VILLAGE SHOP AND PART OF THE HALL MADE OUT OF THE VILLAGE SCHOOL



5.—THE MANORIAL DOVECOT AND THE GARAGES IN THE OLD STABLES

6.—THE OLD STABLES IN FRONT OF THE MANOR HOUSE
Early 17th century

Copyright

7.—JACOBEOAN COTTAGES RECONDITIONED
On the left slope of the valley

"Country Life"

aesthetic impulse, by which many villages, too picturesque to be habitable, were re-built in a revived Tudor style (such as Blaise, Glos, by Nash), was soon reinforced by humanitarian sentiment emanating from Rousseau. The prosperity of agriculture in the first half of the nineteenth century gave a further impetus to these new ideas. The more enlightened landlords very properly regarded it as their duty, instead of spending such large sums as their grandfathers had on creating beautiful parks and stately mansions, to share their prosperity with their workpeople. It was, too, to the interest of an estate that it should be able to offer good cottages in order to attract and keep good men, the more so as the growth of industry allured increasing numbers to the towns. The landowner, though unable to compete with town wages, could provide good houses at low rents, so that the condition of estate servants, and even of agricultural labourers, compared very favourably with that of factory hands in the Victorian cities.

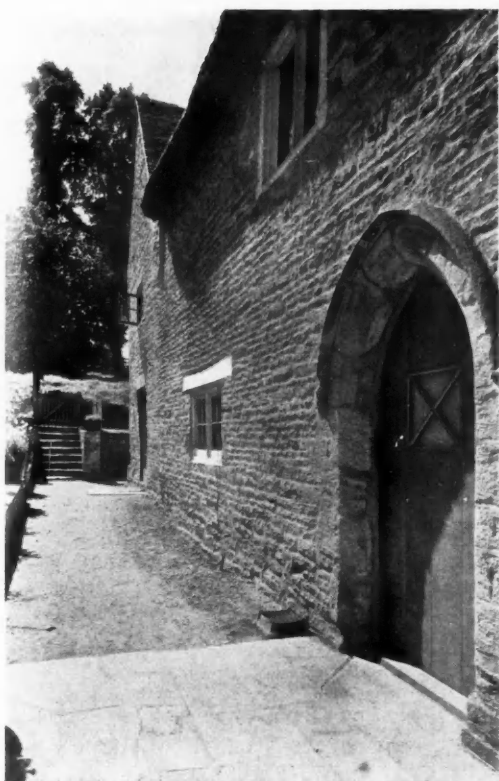
The repeal of the Corn Laws, and later the steady rise in taxation, greatly diminished the means available for cottage building. But great estates, such as the Duke of Bedford's, for long carried on a splendid tradition of paternalism, and idealists like the Marchioness of Waterford at Ford Castle, Northumberland, would spend large sums so late as the 'seventies and 'eighties on the artistic re-building of a village, though with the simple standard of sanitation then required. Latterly, the progressive impoverishment of the land has deprived all but the wealthiest landlords of the capital for re-housing farm labourers; the maintenance of cottages in reasonable repair and with healthy, if primitive, sanitary arrangements has been the most that the majority of estates have been allowed by the Exchequer to afford: encouraged, since 1926, by grants available under the Housing (Rural Workers) Act. Even so, most country estates continue to replace insanitary old cottages as circumstances permit, and there are instances, as at Barrington Court, Somerset, of what amounts to a complete village being new built for the employees of a large country house acquired by a wealthy owner.

Cornwell, before its reconditioning, might be called a forgotten village. It had no history or antiquities to attract visitors, and even those who knew the country between Chipping Norton and Stow-on-the-Wold tolerably well might easily overlook it, for the lane, said to lead there southward from the highway connecting those towns, actually skirts the village, which lies below it in the bottom of a narrow valley. The country here is the source of the Evenlode and its tributary streams, which have worn deep clefts for themselves in the oolite, and one of which courses between the houses of Cornwell from a spring, a few yards above the village that gives the place its name. A furlong lower down, the valley broadens and the manor house looks across to the lane from the eastern slope. Lower still, the rivulet expands into a lake, and the little church stands ringed by trees a full quarter of a mile from the village. Manor house and village are now connected by the former's extensive walled gardens and out-buildings.

But two years ago Cornwell was a depressing little hamlet in a narrow valley overshadowed on one side by tall elms and on the other by a dismal plantation of conifers. The houses had damp walls, leaky roofs, dark attics, no water laid on, though plenty in the roadway. There were no drains, no shops, no hall, no playground for the school which was in any case disused. Yet, gloomy as they were, the cottages were of the traditional local type with Tainton stone walls and thatched or stone tiled roofs, and

showing a good many traces of mediæval work. Nor, with the exception of the Victorian school-building, was there much of later date.

Mrs. Gillson's general instructions to Mr. Williams-Ellis were to maintain the traditional appearance so far as was possible or might seem desirable, while contriving convenient up-to-date interiors within the ancient husks. Mr. Williams-Ellis has had a long and varied experience of cottages, both new and old, in England and in his native Wales. He is never happier than when working with traditional materials, with some scope for his picturesque imagination and for his ingenuity in adaptation. Cornwell therefore presented an opportunity after his heart. Re-housing Oxfordshire labourers is a different pair of shoes from creating a holiday village on the Merioneth coast, yet it is not surprising that several touches here are reminiscent of Portmeirion. He was fortunate at Cornwell in securing the services of the old building family of Groves of Milton-under-Wychwood as contractors for both the village and manor house. Messrs. Groves maintain an honourable record of Cotswold craftsmanship continuous from the 17th century;

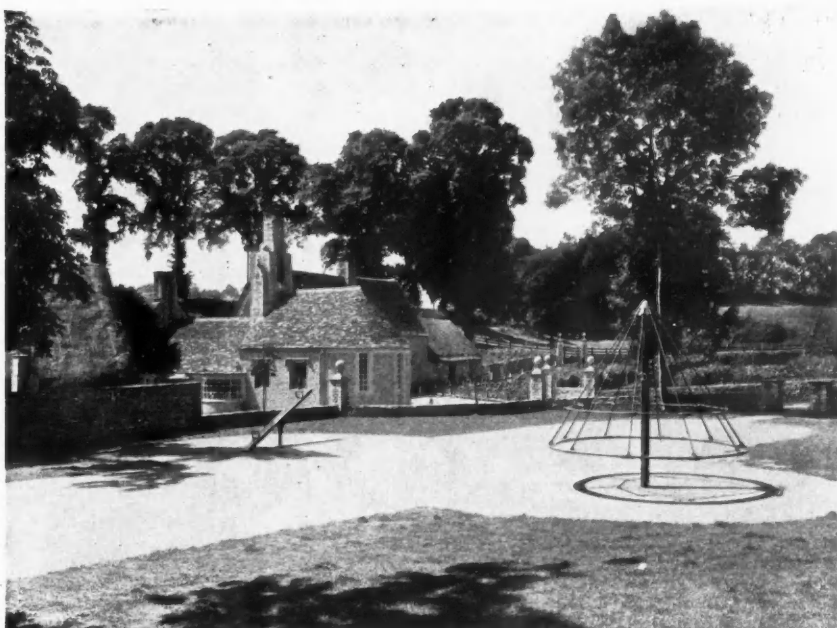


8.—A 14th-CENTURY DOORWAY IN ONE OF THE COTTAGES

indeed they claim to have worked for Sir Christopher Wren along with those other Cotswold masons Edward Strong and Christopher Kempster. Their foreman, Mr. Joe Timms, comes of a family with a building record almost as long. Many of the detailed ingenuities in contriving the new cottages are due to him.

The first works to be undertaken were a complete drainage system with disposal down the valley; a piped water supply from two sources to make sure of a continuous flow; and "grid" electricity to every house, with heating and wireless plugs besides normal lighting. There is even "street" lighting, from wrought-iron lanterns, provided by the estate. All the cottages now have at least three good bedrooms and a parlour, besides a living-room-kitchen with Triplex grate, bathroom, lavatory basins, and inside sanitation, while the offices, if they are what is generally described as "usual," are a distinct innovation for Cornwell or, indeed, for most villages.

As there was no question, in any case, of raising the rents, a few of the cottages were reconditioned with grants under the Housing (Rural Workers) Act. But in most cases the operations went beyond the scope of its provisions, or the



9.—THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND ON THE VILLAGE GREEN



10.—THE STREET, LOOKING DOWN TOWARDS THE BROOK AND GREEN



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"Country Life"

11.—THE ENTRY TO THE VILLAGE HALL
The green lies to the left across the cleaned and confined brook

cottages were to be occupied by estate employees and were therefore ineligible for a grant. No new cottages were built, and such as were intended are now indefinitely postponed owing to war restrictions, in spite of which, however, the last farmhouse to be reconditioned (all can get power and light from the grid, and water from the estate system) is now struggling towards completion. In the most drastic cases it can scarcely be claimed that more than parts of the walls of the old cottages were made to serve again, such old materials as were sound and serviceable being re-incorporated. In all cases extensive excavations and retaining walls were necessitated, owing to the slope of the sites, to ensure dry interiors.

The old irregular lay-out of the village remains—a "street" winding down from the lane to a ford over the brook (Fig. 3), and a double row of 17th century cottages (Fig. 7) some distance up the opposite bank along a road leading towards the manor house. This latter, though now of predominantly Georgian character (Fig. 1), has its forecourt flanked by an ancient row of stables (Fig. 6), now the power-house and garages, forming a court behind, in the centre of which still stands the manorial dovecot (Fig. 5)—topped now with a flood-lighting lantern. The fine

rubble masonry of the stables and their mullioned windows, probably early 17th century, can be paralleled in several of the cottages, one of which, however, can boast a notable 14th-century doorway (Fig. 8). It seems unlikely that this is in its original situation.

Though the components of the village are thus *in situ*, its communications and garden boundaries have been made more orderly. The brook that used periodically to change its course as it threaded the village has been confined to its optimum channel by stone-built revetments and paved bed. Where the plantation of conifers stood—at the end of the main street beyond the brook—the site has been levelled to form a village green, supported above the stream by a terrace wall, convenient for sitting on (Fig. 3), and the centre laid with green asphalt, like a tennis court, to take merry-go-rounds and see-saws for the village children (Fig. 9).

Immediately overlooking the green, part of the Victorian school has been changed into a miniature village hall, which, architecturally, is the high spot of the village (Fig. 11). The original lattice windows remain on the street (Fig. 4), but it has been most engagingly transformed with an apse,

a large-windowed committee room at the side, and a Portmeirion chimney combining the functions of belfry and, latterly, air-raid siren. The sweep of its stone-tiled roof, its finely laid masonry, and distinguished rusticity of handling, make of it a little gem of *pastiche*, the authorship of which is quite unmistakable.

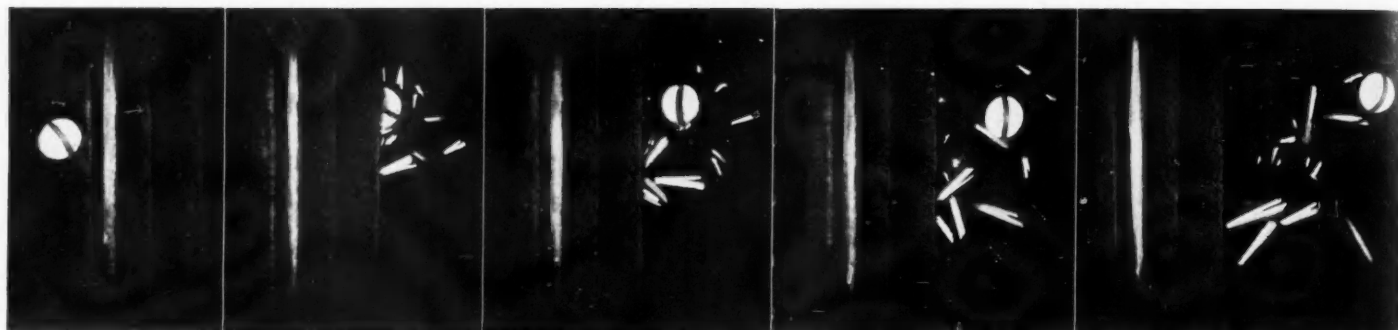
Next door is the new village shop with that traditional feature of all the best village shops, an ample, small-paned bow window, in this case of steel framing. The shop, which is a branch of the local Co-operative Stores, has a buffet service accessible to the adjoining village hall.

Reconditioning on such a scale as that of Cornwell should be studied as a pattern of how a derelict village can be handled and of the standard of life which we should all like to see in villages. But unfortunately it must also be regarded as an exceptional case, beyond the practical politics of agricultural economy. It is a delightful and enviable reversion, on the part of a generous landowner, with America's high ideals of human dignity and standards of sanitation, to the spacious practice of the 18th century, when the owner could afford to regard the amenities of the village as one with that of the manor house.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

CURIOSITIES OF BALL-GAMES

By FRANK W. LANE



By courtesy of the Silvertown Company

A GOLF BALL DRIVEN BY A DRIVING-MACHINE THROUGH A WOODEN DOOR. IT TRAVELLED OVER 100YDS. ON THE OTHER SIDE

The band was painted on the ball to reveal rotation and to improve photographic definition

INSTANCES are not uncommon of players or spectators being injured during ball-games, but a case occurred in America of a player injuring himself—and in a game of skittles. A bowler stuck a thumb and two fingers into the "cheese" and swung his arm. But the "cheese" clung to his fingers, swung in an arc and hit him over an eye.

Perry, the tennis player, was once struck by a tennis ball and knocked unconscious. The explanation is, of course, the tremendous speed of the ball. During first-class play speeds of over 100 miles an hour are reached by a tennis ball, and I understand the fastest speed ever recorded was 150 miles an hour attained by Tilden in his prime.

Tennis players have played with many self-imposed handicaps. Games have been contested by players on roller-skates. Two men at Brighton played a game on horseback, and one of the players even wore the full-dress uniform of a Life Guardsman. And he won by three sets to two. In another match two players divided a diver's suit between them. One wore the heavy helmet, and his opponent the lead-weighted boots. The man with the helmet won.

But the strangest tennis match I have ever heard of was one played at night, in pitch darkness, with phosphorescent balls. The village constable arrived and, throwing the light of his flash-lamp on the scene, demanded to know what was going on. After being satisfied he consented to act as ball-boy.

Cricket has provided several "believe it or not" situations. During a match at Nairobi when the jungle started on the outskirts of

the town a hard pull to leg from a batsman had sent the ball almost into the undergrowth. A lion sprang out and began playing with it. What followed is best described in the words of the present Secretary for India, Mr. L. S. Amery, who records the incident in his book *Days of Fresh Air*.

"The fielding side claimed 'lost ball,' which the umpire disallowed, as contrary to the visible facts of the situation, and the batsmen went on running till enough fielders arrived to chase off the lion and retrieve the chewed remnants of the ball."

Roberts, of Sussex, once sent down a very fast ball which collided in mid-air with a swallow. The bird was killed and the batsman was clean bowled. The umpire decided that the fact that the ball had struck the swallow did not constitute a no-ball.

In a cricket pavilion in North Devon can be seen a skylark mounted on a cricket ball. The story is told of how the bird crossed between the wickets just as a ball was being sent down. Ball and bird collided with fatal result.

It has been claimed that in his heyday Larwood could bowl a cricket ball at 90 miles an hour. Scientific timing by photo-electric cell has shown that higher speeds than this have been attained by baseball-players. I mention this speed as an introduction to the following story.

When a very fast bowler in a pre-Larwood era had flung a ball down the pitch it whizzed past the wicket-keeper and two fielders and shot on towards the spectators. A man snatched up a coat to stop it, but the ball went clean

through it and killed a dog standing 10 yards away.

During a match in Australia an out-fielder was taking it easy when he was suddenly jerked wide awake by a cry from the bowler. He saw a dark shape coming towards him and made a wild grab. He caught not the ball but a bird.

In a letter to me in answer to an enquiry Mr. C. B. Fry recounts another occasion on which a bird was caught instead of a ball. He says that W. L. Murdoch, the famous Australian captain, told him that during a match in the provinces in 1886 Tom Horan was fielding at third man when a batsman slashed at the ball and missed, and the keeper took the ball close to the wicket. Tom Horan saw something flashing past his ear, made a sudden grab and caught a swallow.

Fry adds: "I fancy the swallow tale is also told of Vernon Royle, the famous cover-point, who played for Lancashire. I know it is quite possible so to catch a swallow. I nearly did so once at Lord's."

In the same letter Fry tells the following story of a match in which he played in 1904: "A slim Indian started the bowling. The ground was rather small, with a whitewashed brick wall boundary immediately beyond which was a railway goods yard. When I had made about ten I hit the Indian (who bowled medium-paced right hand) out of the ground over his head. The ball hit the barrel of an engine which was moving out. The ball ricocheted off the barrel against the brass safety-valve box and bounced forward into the top of the funnel, and the engine puffed away with the ball in its belly. The bowler was Ranji. That was the first time I saw him."

A. A. Milne, in a letter to *The Times* some years ago, recounted an incident in a match between Westminster and Charterhouse. A very nervous batsman came in and, skying his first ball, called loudly for a run. He, his partner and the bowler all ran. The batsman got under the ball first. In a spasm of excitement he leapt into the air and gave the descending ball a hefty clout. Realising his offence, the hapless youth burst into tears and hastened back to the pavilion.

Golf has a long record of unusual incidents, due to the high velocity of the ball, the maximum speed of which is in the region of 180 miles an hour. The long-distance record is over a quarter of a mile.

A man once placed a 500-page telephone directory four feet in front of a tee and drove. The ball tore through the directory and travelled another 100 yds. A golf ball has crashed through a door of quarter-inch wood and travelled over 100 yds. on the other side, as is illustrated in the picture on the previous page.

A golf ball killed a cow near Dover a few years ago. Among other creatures that have been killed in the same way are a fox, hares, weasels, sparrow-hawks, gulls, larks, jackdaws and partridges. A professional golfer once bagged a brace of water wagtails with one ball.

But of all "kills" by golf balls I think the most amazing was a two-pound trout. Presumably the fish jumped just as the ball was flying over a stream, and trout and ball collided.

A groundsman was once whetting his scythe and paused with the blade held vertical. Just at that moment a golf ball hit the scythe dead-on. The ball was cut in two. On another occasion a woman with a large pin protruding from her hat was watching a championship match. A ball struck the pin and remained firmly fixed upon it.

The manager of a golf club near New York discovered one morning that the best green had disappeared. The 400 square yards of beautiful turf were discovered in a cemetery some miles away. The sexton said he had purchased the

turf from some young men who had brought it in several truck-loads.

The annals of golf contain many records of freak games. Matches have been played between archers and golfers. The archers have generally won. One man went up in an aeroplane and played his "shots" by dropping them on the greens. Matches have been contested across country and through the streets of London. And to beat the long-distance record one enthusiast toiled to the top of a mountain and drove his ball into space.

During peace-time some 14,000,000 golf balls are manufactured each year in this country. It has been estimated that in the water hazards on the Yale University course there are about 20,000 lost balls, and there are ponds in this country where that number must be exceeded.

A man in America gets his living by retrieving lost balls. He bought a car, two collapsible boats and a rake. He obtained retrieving rights with big clubs, and in ten years he retrieved over 1,000,000 balls.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

FRIENDLY LINCOLNSHIRE—IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON—A MEMORY OF ODESSA—THE ORANGES ARRIVE—JAM MAKING—POOL—A HOUSEKEEPER'S WAR SERVICE

By E. M. DELAFIELD

IT is always interesting to go into a new county that one has never seen before. This week I visited Lincolnshire for the first time and was very much taken with it, for it was very pretty country and the village near which I stayed really was a village, and neither a garden-city, an extension of a country town, nor a clutch of villas perched amid bumpy little rock-gardens. The cottages were of honest, modest red brick, and the gardens displayed old-fashioned flower-beds, and there were a great many elm trees and a large grey church in the middle of everything.

My hostess told me that the country through which the train had taken me was the fen country and not interesting, and that the village was, on the contrary, in the wold country and very pretty—or she may have said that the uninteresting country was the wold and the attractive part was the fen. Unfortunately I can't remember which was called which, but it seems to me unimportant. The flat part—wold or fen—had a character of its own and was beautifully unbuild-on, and the part that had elm trees and a great many blackthorns in flower—fen or wold—was lovely. It was the kind of country—like South Wales, parts of Yorkshire, and the country round Winchester—that makes one feel at home—a sense of friendly familiarity that no doubt different parts of the world convey to different people. Oddly enough, I had it strongest in Northern Ireland, at a place called Castle-dawson, near Belfast—with which I had no special associations. I expect the sensation is familiar to most people, and perhaps one day some enterprising person will demand an explanation of it from the B.B.C. Brains Trust—and receive it, no doubt, from Professor Joad. (Not only does he seem to understand everything but he can make listeners feel that they do, too—which is even cleverer.)

I tried to trace out any associations in my own mind with Lincolnshire and could only remember a Victorian children's book, read when I was about seven years old, about a young man called Stephen who lived in the fen (or perhaps it was the wold) country, and was led by bad companions into a poaching expedition, which came to grief and ended in someone—not Stephen—being sentenced to two years' hard labour. Either the poaching laws were of unparalleled ferocity in those days, or there was some other misdeed involved—such as the shooting of a keeper—that I have forgotten.

Since I can think of no other association whatever with Lincolnshire, I take it that its own charm and character were what won my heart.

I AM not sure whether impressions of London have any rightful place in the Diary of a Countrywoman—but perhaps a country mouse coming to London only at intervals, is struck

by sights that the *habituée* passes by unnoticed.

As I have not been in London since what is now always referred to as "the Wednesday blitz," there are, naturally, new areas of devastation. But there are likewise new patches that have been effectively tidied up.

In one West-end street I saw two enormous craters in the road, almost every house windowless, and a great many frontless and roofless as well. But one corner house, that had not wholly escaped, although it was still habitable, had a beautiful display of flowers in its window-boxes. It gave the whole street a magnificent air of gallant gaiety.

And flower-sellers are at all the usual corners—or if the corners have gone, somewhere near by with daffodils and narcissi and polyanthi and tulips—all undauntedly proclaiming that here they are, and nothing is going to stop them.

They—those brilliant stalls and barrows—reminded me suddenly of going from Moscow, a city in which I felt quite markedly not at home, down to Odessa, and seeing there a very tiny little kiosk at a street corner, with three or four small bunches of diffident little flowers for sale. I doubt whether anyone bought them—but they improved the look of Odessa very much. Moscow not only had no flowers but, now I come to think of it, had rather a blitzed appearance of its own, since the inhabitants—as a preliminary to re-building it—had thrown a good deal of it down and left it lying about, smothered in concrete dust.

EVERYONE knows, and I need not re-affirm, that the spirit of Londoners is the same as ever. One woman, who works in the shelters regularly, said to me:

"You see, the fear of the blitz is nothing. What everyone suffered from before was the fear of the sack. That was much worse."

I hope that the people who are now working at planning for the future will note that and remember it—not just at intervals, but always and all the time.

IT seems ungrateful to record what follows, but that isn't going to prevent me from doing so. In London I was, very kindly, taken out to lunch at an expensive restaurant. (And I enjoyed it very much, because interesting food has never been more interesting than it is to-day; nor has one ever thought, talked or written so much about it.) And there I saw, on a trolley, half a dozen of the eight million oranges—if that was the right number—that were heralded in the Press as being due to reach England.

Well, at all events, they reached London, though I have yet to hear of their appearance in the provinces.

I thought that even six or eight of them, in that smart restaurant, were six or eight too many. They should have been in small, humble

shops, and in schools, and children's hospitals.

Perhaps some of them were. I don't know. But the ones I saw were in the wrong place.

SOME of us, I am afraid, living in the country, have been feeling as though we never wished to hear the word "Jam" again—although personally I think "sweet spread" is much worse, and beg to draw Mr. A. P. Herbert's attention to it, as an obnoxious and ungrammatical expression. "Jam," as a word, is good and homely, and so for that matter is jam as a food.

The Government's scheme for pool jam-making is unpopular, partly because it has not been properly understood and is still, in many country districts, regarded as a form of preferential treatment for members of women's institutes, and partly because of the announcement that this year there will be no extra allowance to individuals, of jam-making sugar.

The answers to both these difficulties seem to me to be as follows: Jam-makers are *not* to be confined to W.I. members, but on the contrary, every W.I. Preservation Centre must number some *non*-W.I. members on its committee. In towns, the pool centres will be organised by the Townswomen's Guilds on the same principles.

As for the sugar, not only is there, as we all know, a shortage of sugar in the country, but the Government does not wish to add to the work of the Merchant Navy, which has other fish to catch, if not to fry.

It is a hardship not to make one's own jam—but if it is frankly recognised as such, most women will accept the necessity and view it as part of the national effort. It is always so much easier to do something disagreeable if it is admitted to be a hardship. Then, the more readily we do it, the more patriotic we can feel ourselves to be.

A STORY has reached me from Plymouth that should be made known, because it reflects great credit upon a section of the community that has been severely—and in many cases justifiably—criticised.

A young bachelor doctor, knowing that one of his colleagues had been severely injured in a recent raid, offered to put up his two young children and their nurse in his own house. The offer was accepted.

These things have a certain snowball quality about them: within a week the young doctor had taken in the offspring of two more bombed homes, of ages ranging from three to eleven.

It was a kind and generous thing to do and all honour to him for it: but the point of the story is that his housekeeper, gallantly and cheerfully, took on the whole of the extra work entailed and has been doing it effectively ever since, as part of her national service.

IN MALTA NOW

By JEAN PRATT

MALTA has always played an important part in the history of the Mediterranean. In the path of the Axis powers, it is to-day an answer to the fortified Italian island of Pantellaria, the stepping-stone from Sicily to Tunisia. As a haven for British naval units on duty in the waters between Greece and the Libyan coast, it is fully prepared for whatever may come.

What damage has been done by the many air raids on Malta is not generally known, but the spirit with which the Maltese people have withstood these attacks has needed no censorship. The tradition of their courage lives on from the days when they stood by the Knights of the Order of St. John defending their island from the onslaught of 30,000 Turks, and Maltese units are now playing an important part against the Axis powers.

Air-raid shelters have been provided, but the old fortifications of the Knights, consisting of immense battered walls excavated from solid limestone rock, through which have been tunnelled passages that no high explosive could penetrate, and a deep disused railway tunnel afford perfect natural protection. Few, if any, Maltese families have left the island. A certain number have moved from the vulnerable areas round the harbours to the villages on high ground inland and to the old capital, Notabile, 800ft. above sea level, from where the raids are watched with intense excitement.

There is no shortage of food supplies, and only a few commodities are rationed. The people gather in great crowds to cheer the Royal Navy when it steams into harbour, and the R.A.F. is idolised. All possible defence measures have been taken against invasion, and life continues as usual throughout the island. At midday the city streets are crowded with people and traffic. Sombrely clad Maltese citizens, uniformed members of His Majesty's Forces, black-skirted priests, Maltese peasant women wearing the black faldetta—a curious stiff hood which surrounds and nearly conceals the wearer's face—and bright-eyed, bare-footed Maltese children stream up and down the streets. Flocks of pigeons wheel and chatter in the piazzas. Over the cobbles clatter the Maltese horse-drawn cabs ringing their sharp warning bells. Shop windows display Eastern silks, lacquer, bronze and ivory curios, Maltese gold and silver filigree, lace and gay pottery. The stalls of the flower sellers are filled with almond and peach blossom, marigolds,



NOTABILE, THE MEDIEVAL CAPITAL 800FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL
On the left is the Cathedral; on the right the Church of the Carmelites



PEASANT WOMAN WEARING A FALDETTA

carnations, stocks, narcissi, freesia, lilies and roses. Oleanders are in bloom, and the ancient bastions blaze with bougainvilleae.

Malta is the largest of a group of islands lying between Sicily and the Libyan mainland and is about 17 miles long by about nine miles wide—smaller than the Isle of Wight. There are no lakes or rivers, soil is shallow, and trees are scarce. For two-thirds of the year temperature ranges from 50° to 70° Fahr. in the shade and from June to September from 70° to 90° Fahr.

In summer the daily average of sunshine is 11 hours, in winter about five. Rainfall averages from 12ins. to 27ins. in the year. Northerly gales are frequent in winter, and the *sirocco*, the wind from the south-west, often brings with it quantities of Sahara dust. Its humidity is exceptionally high, and for days together the weather will be damp and close and the sky heavily overcast.

For so small and arid an island its history is amazing. Phoenician, Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Arab, Early Christian, Siculo-Norman and the Renaissance Knights Hospitallers have each left some mark of their occupation and influence, while prehistoric relics abound in the form of menhirs, dolmens and ruins of a shape and proportion unknown elsewhere. Not far from the sea to the south of the island is an underground temple, or *hypogeum*, consisting of deep chambers and passages flint-hewn from the solid rock with walls highly finished and decorated with designs in red ochre, and an oracle chamber which is one of the wonders of the world.

This remarkable record of man in the Mediterranean is due largely to the formation of the north-east coast. Limestone hills rise perpendicularly from the sea on the south-west, reaching to a height of 800ft. inland and slope gently to the north-east into a curved and deeply indented coastline. The many natural harbours formed by these creeks and inlets have attracted every powerful nation in southern Europe and have provided shelter for the British Mediterranean Fleet since Nelson helped the Maltese to drive out the French in 1800.

Italy has tried for years to win the support



THE VIEW OF THE THREE CITIES ACROSS THE GRAND HARBOUR FROM VALETTA

of the population but succeeded in converting only a minority which has now mysteriously "vanished." Italian ceased as an "official" language in 1936. All educated Maltese speak English fluently. English currency has been legal tender since 1866.

The principal existing industries are agriculture, lace, cotton and linen weaving, soap, wine, beer and tobacco. About 114 square miles of land are under cultivation. Fields are terraced and divided by stone walls over which straggles the black, Levantine carob-tree that bears the locust bean, used extensively as cattle fodder. Farmhouses are square built with all principal rooms opening on to a central courtyard where the livestock are housed.

Crops include wheat, barley, potatoes, beans, tomatoes, onions, oranges, pomegranates,



A QUIANT STREET IN THE OLD CAPITAL



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SUNSHINE AND SHADOW AT PIETA CREEK, VALETTA

Photochrom

loquats, lemons and, during the dry season, vegetable marrows and melons. For his own use the farmer cultivates the prickly pear.

Fowls are kept everywhere, even in the towns, where they are cooped in cellars or on the flat roof-tops. Goat's milk is supplied universally. At one time herds were driven into the towns where goats were milked at the request of householders, but the pasteurisation of goat's milk, recently introduced, has done away with this rather unhygienic process in urban areas.

Fish around the coast is abundant, but owing to the rocky bottom of the Mediterranean trawlers cannot be used, and the Maltese fishermen cannot afford the equipment for deep-sea fishing. For coastal and harbour work they use lampara nets which they make of twigs and repair themselves. Catch is mixed and small. Fishing boats are brightly painted, and a colourful addition to Maltese waterside life is the vividly decorated *dghajsa*, or row-boat, by

which passengers are conveyed across the harbours, or to and from ships to quayside.

The Maltese claim to be a distinct race with a distinct language of Semitic origin. They are fervent followers of the Roman Catholic faith. Feast days are frequent, the carnival before Lent is a great occasion and during Holy Week elaborate religious processions wind through the narrow streets. The British colony is composed in the main from the Services stationed on the island and forms only a small proportion of the total population.

Social life, however, is dominated by the British, and outdoor sports of all kinds are the principal amusements. State balls are held in the magnificent reception-rooms of the old Palace of the Grand Masters in the capital, Valetta. Many of the buildings of the Order of St. John are in an excellent state of preservation and are used as offices, clubs, schools, and museums by the British and Maltese authorities.



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THE EXTENSIVE VIEW FROM NOTABILE TO THE COAST

Photochrom

CORRESPONDENCE



"LITTLE LAMB WHO MADE THEE?"

A SPRING PORTRAIT

SIR,—Half of the enclosed photograph is so pretty that I thought you might like to reproduce it. The other half is an architect whose work you have often illustrated, Mr. Oliver Hill, whom I was delighted to come across in these parts the other day.—BRENDA GIRVIN, *Cock Rock, Croyde, Devon.*

A WAGES POLICY

SIR,—A wages policy—i.e., taxation of wages or their control—has recently been suggested as an alternative to the Budget demands of increased taxation, but for certain reasons it has been ignored by the Chancellor. Control of wages or taxation of the same would have at least eased the burden of the present penal taxation of classes of the community already heavily mulcted. The professional man without adequate allowances will be unable to educate his children, while the landowner will have either to sell out or to let his lands and buildings moulder without the wherewithal to keep them up. He will be unable to keep on his employees and his tenant farmers will suffer. How can he fulfil his commitments and keep up his contributions to charities? Meanwhile the wages of war which are already swollen may increase and thus increase their purchasing powers, so that in spite of food subsidies (paid for ease of the tax-payer's pocket) prices may rise. Thus we have the dangers of inflation in spite of all the increased taxation which lets off lightly or misses the classes which have increased purchasing powers. The Chancellor should give adequate allowances to the professional and upper income classes to help them carry out their commitments if he will not countenance a wages policy!—PRO PATRIA.

LINK WITH THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

SIR,—In the small church at Stoke Dry, Rutlandshire, is a fine alabaster monument to Kenelme Digby (grandfather of Sir Everard Digby the Gunpowder conspirator) and Anne his wife. On the side of the tomb are the quaint figures shown in my photograph. The inscription says: "Here lyeth the bodies of Kenelme Digby Esquier which Kenelme deceased the 21st of Aprill 1590 and of Anne his wife which Anne deceased the ——" And there it ends; the date was never added. The parish register shows that she was buried on May 23, 1602, so that neither lived to know of the disgrace to their house.—D. R., *Darlington.*

RIDGED ROADS MADE BY CATTLE

SIR,—I may be rather late in the day with this letter, as I had not seen COUNTRY LIFE for April 26 in time to write earlier. I was very much interested to read Mr. H. A. Robinson's description of the lane ploughed up by cattle, as I have seen the same kind of thing in Kingston, a little village near Lewes, Sussex. The end of its one road opens straight on to the downs, and there are these indelible ridge marks made by the cattle leaving the road and scrambling up the slight rise.—F. M. ADENEY, *Eden Cottage, Mount Zion, Tunbridge Wells.*

A HEREFORDSHIRE LEGEND

SIR,—You may like to illustrate the Wergins Stone, near Hereford, about which curious legends have gathered. Antiquaries have failed to agree upon its date, and it seems to form a real missing link between the prehistoric standing stone and the mediæval cross. The stones are unworked, unless a hollow at one corner of the base was intended to receive offerings; possibly something like the wroth silver thrown into a cavity in what is left of Knightlow Cross, near Stretton-on-Dunsmore.

Of that possibility no record exists, but the stone stands close to the old Leominster road from Hereford and to the River Lugg, and may have marked an ancient track and ford, so perhaps way-leaves for the use of manor roads by tenants and cattle may have been paid here. But what it lacks in history, the Wergins Stone makes up for in legend, and that of comparatively recent origin.

In a letter from William Westfaling dated Hereford, Feb. 23, 1641, is the following account of what took place: "In the Wirgins about noon a mighty wind did drive a Stone as much as 6 Oxen could well draw six-score (Yards?) and ploughed a furrow a foote and a halfe deepe all the way it went, and another Stone which 12 Oxen did draw to the Wirgins many yeares since, that Stone being farre bigger than the other stone, was carried the same time a quarter of a myle and made no impression at all in the

ground, but the Water was in the Meadow a foote deepe." The writer goes on to say that the lesser stone had been fast upon the other until "the wind, and I know not what did part them. There was a man of Mr. James Seaborne's riding to Hereford did see one of the stones going, and as he relates, a black Dog going before the Stone."

He adds that other market people told the same tale, and that he had himself since ridden to see the stones and found they had been moved as related. He also says that the stones had been brought to the Wirgins "long since, for a Marke to know the way."

What is most remarkable about the whole story is not its supernatural implication as the fact that it took place so recently, or at least was believed by educated people to have taken place.—M. W., *Herefordshire.*

EWELME CHURCH

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of March 29 you mention the possibility of the chancel screen of Ewelme Church having been painted. This actually was so until about thirty to thirty-five years ago. It is about twenty years ago that the then elderly verger told me that a former vicar had arranged for the

removal of the painted decoration.—FREDERICK SKULL, *Bassetsbury Manor, High Wycombe.*

FROM A BRITISH OFFICER IN GERMANY

SIR,—These additional extracts are from letters from my husband Major C. H. Rodney Gee, M.C., T.D., which have only just reached me.

"Feb. 5.—Full of good cheer . . . Red Cross parcel to-day and pair of pyjamas (Red Cross). I don't need blades, but mirror, toothpaste, pencils. . . . It is grand getting letters in five weeks by ordinary post. . . . Time passes quickly



THE WERGINS STONE, NEAR HEREFORD

and we are all in good spirits and hopes. . . . This place is just like school.

"Feb. 11.—Put label inside any parcels as outside one may be rubbed off. Got one week's supply of cigarettes from Red Cross. First since September. . . . Time passes well and we are all full of life. . . . 1.30-2.30 daily I chant German phrases and songs in a class."

In letter of February 25 published in COUNTRY LIFE on May 3, the name "Holland" was left out in my copy before "(Eng. Tripos and Bookseller)" and in the third line from the bottom it is "our" journey, not "bus" journey.

I have had no letter from the new camp yet; I don't think anyone has.—NANCY GEE, *Cloverley, Chinley, Derbyshire.*



THE TOMB OF SIR EVERARD DIGBY'S GRANDFATHER



THE 11TH CENTURY LEPER HOUSE AT BATH

CURIOSITIES OF BATH

It is rare for a building to be both a church and a private house? Such is the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalen and Magdalen House, Holloway, Bath. Built in the eleventh century on the high pavement half-way down Holloway (a portion of the old Fosse Way and the oldest approach to Bath from the south-west), it is one of the most interesting churches in the West Country. In the early days it was much used by pilgrims travelling from Bath to Glastonbury. The house and the church were at one time connected by a doorway, which is now walled up.

A few yards away is a building which was a leper hospital, and there are holes in both buildings through which the lepers could peep in or listen to the services.—V. CHAMBERLAIN, Bath.

ANOTHER WHALE'S BONE ARCHWAY

SIR,—I think you may be interested in a photograph of another whale's bone arch besides the example in Yorkshire which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE for April 5. This one leads into a beechwood not far from Logierait in Central Perthshire, and is always an object of interest to visitors, who express surprise at coming on such a curious marine relic so far inland. At first sight one hardly realises what the material of the archway is, so well does it blend with its sylvan surroundings.

The nearest port from which it is likely to have been brought is Dundee, formerly a flourishing whaling station. Curiously enough Dundee itself appears to have only one such gateway

remaining, although at one time the jawbones of whales were commonly used for this purpose at the houses of captains of whaling ships, and of others engaged in that dangerous calling.—T. LESLIE SMITH, Ashwood, Broughty Ferry, Angus.

GARDEN "ESCAPES": THE WHITE BUTTERBUR IN WALES AND IN LANCASHIRE

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE, September 7, 1940, I described the establishment in the English countryside of the white butterbur, *Petasites japonicus* Maxim., from garden "escapes" in Cheshire and near Ambleside, which was later supported by Miss C. Clark's description of the Ambleside colony. I am now able to say that the Merseyside Naturalists' Association has been able to deposit in the herbarium of the Welsh National Museum at Cardiff (at its request), and at Liverpool Museum, specimens from the first Welsh locality, a colony known locally to have been established at least five years at Tal y cafn, Carnarvonshire; and in Liverpool Museum a specimen from a Lancashire locality at Ashton, near Wigan, the first we have noticed in the South Lancashire floral vice-county. I was interested to discover last year that the British Museum herbarium also had specimens from Langdale and Denham (Bucks). These are not recent, casual garden throw-outs or weeds, and this interesting spring flower is definitely taking a place in the British flora like its more abundant relatives, *P. albus* and *P. fragrans*, the winter heliotrope. As our enquiry into the distribution of this alien has located two colonies in Westmorland, and

one each in Cheshire, Carnarvonshire, Lancashire and Buckinghamshire, it is probable that some plants may have been overlooked as the more numerous *Petasites albus*, which is very similar but with shorter bracts. The Merseyside Naturalists' Association would welcome any information of further well established wild colonies, outside gardens, and knowledge of how long they have existed.—ERIC HARDY, 47, Woodsorrel Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, 15.

FARM ANIMALS AS PETS

SIR,—A family of Sussex farmers are trying an interesting experiment.

Convinced that any farm animal can become as intelligent as the average dog and can make as good a domestic pet, they have introduced a lamb and a hen into their household, which already boasts of a dog and two cats.

They make a point of always treating both the lamb and the hen in the same way as the cat and dog.

The result is that already the lamb has picked up one or two of the dog's tricks, such as begging for its meals, bleating when strangers come to the door, and so on. Both the lamb and the hen are now house trained.

All four animals enjoy playing together. They answer to their names, come into the drawing-room and sit by the fire in the evenings, and follow the farmer's wife and daughter down to the village when they go shopping, refusing to be left at home.

I enclose a photograph showing the four animals enjoying an evening at home.—NORMAN WYMER, Appleacre, Ashacre Lane, Worthing.



CHURCH AND HOUSE: ST. MARY MAGDALEN, AND MAGDALEN HOUSE, BATH



A WHALE'S JAW BONE IN A PERTSHIRE WOOD



CAT, DOG, LAMB AND HEN AT THE FIRESIDE



PUSSY WITH HER PINT

THE SQUINTING CAT

SIR.—Pussy with her pint is shown in a modern stained glass window in an old inn at Pannel Ash, Yorkshire, which has the uncommon name of The Squinting Cat: surely one of the strangest names ever given to an inn. The squint is clearly shown in Pussy's eye.—J. M. DENTON ROBINSON, *The Cottage, Langholm Crescent, Darlington.*

THE FOOD OF BUZZARDS

SIR.—I was glad to see your correspondent's letter in defence of the buzzard. It is maintaining its status in the West of England, though persecuted by the more ignorant type of gamekeeper and farmer. Its principal food is certainly rabbit. One nest, in which two young remained for seven weeks, at the end of that period had partly decayed rabbits (with the attendant swarm of flies) piled up round its edge. In Wales I found eight young rabbits in one nest. On Exmoor buzzards also take snakes: the stomach of a young buzzard, in down, killed by a fall from the nest, contained the scale of a grass snake. I have also seen the adult birds carrying snakes which, as the adder is the commonest snake

on Exmoor, were probably of this species. Birds are sometimes taken, but one has only to watch a buzzard hunting to realise that such captures can only be occasional, e.g. when the prey is stationary and taken off its guard.—E. W. HENDY, *Holt Austiss, Porlock, Somerset.*

A WESTERN WINDMILL

SIR.—On the low foothills bordering Sedgemoor, exposed to the winds which sweep in from the Atlantic, stands Somerset's last windmill at Chapel Allerton, near Wedmore; it ceased operations in 1924. Though there are some 200 left in England they are a rarity in the west, and should be preserved as relics of an age when wind, water and horse-gears were the only means of power. "Soke rights" were given to owners to grind all the village corn, thus cutting out competition, and rights to the wind also existed, much as we still have "ancient lights."

This mill is of the "smock" type, having a rotating top which veers into the wind, thus saving the trouble of turning the whole structure as in the older "post" mills.—F. R. WINSTONE, *Bristol.*

BLACK REDSTART IN LONDON

SIR.—The appearance of a black redstart in Westminster is perhaps worthy of record. I noticed one early this spring in Westminster School Yard, perched on a window sill of Ashburnham House.



THE LAST MILL IN SOMERSET

He was evidently enjoying the bright sunshine, and half an hour later he was still flitting about, bobbing and fliriting his red tail, on the sunny wall between Ashburnham House and the Cloisters.

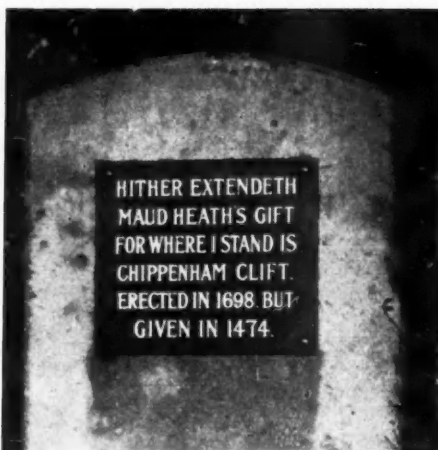
As it is so common just across the Channel, it always seems strange that we do not more often see this delightful bird in England.—A. L. N. RUSSELL, *Travellers' Club, c/o The Junior United Service Club, London, S.W.1.*

(The black redstart is chiefly known in England as a passage migrant and winter visitor, but it has been bred in various places in the south and east of England and specimens have been seen in London in summer.—Ed.)

MAUD HEATH'S CAUSEWAY

SIR.—As a footnote to your recent letter upon Maud Heath's Causeway (April 5), you may like to publish the enclosed photograph of the stone at the top of the hill leading out of Chippenham, and marking that end of her work.

The passer-by, not knowing her story, might well be puzzled by this tombstone-like erection on the footpath.—M. W., *Hereford.*



MARKING THE END OF MAUD HEATH'S WORK

MEMOIRS OF A KING'S MESSENGER

A Review by EDMUND BARBER

King's Messenger 1918-1940, by George P. Antrobus. (Jenkins, 10s. 6d.)

THIS is a surprising book in more ways than one; though not perhaps to those who knew its author. George Antrobus who was killed in an air raid at his home last November, was born in the 'nineties, and when the last war came was hard at work learning uncongenial foreign tongues with the idea of a Foreign Office clerkship. Before he had a chance of appointment the service was abolished and merged in the Diplomatic Corps. He sat for the first post-war Diplomatic Examination and failed. But the Corps of King's Messengers was being reorganised, and his temporary war-work at the Foreign Office procured for him one of the new appointments. Last year he retired after (as he said) fifty years of ordinary toil crammed into twenty-five, though he was not destined to the leisure he deserved. One who shared very common illusions with regard to the King's Foreign Service Messengers might be pardoned for expecting their "memoirs" to read like a series of thrillers by Phillips Oppenheim or Agatha Christie. If he knew their real combination of duties—very hard routine work in the Communications Department in Downing Street varied with a good deal of exhausting travel and with great opportunities for social enjoyment "in port" at the Continental end of their journeys—he might expect anything between a treatise on cipher work and a series of *chroniques scandaleuses* gathered in the Courts and capitals of Europe. What he would probably not anticipate would be the shrewd and wise comment on so many aspects of life which combine with the

information of an historian writing behind the scenes—or perhaps it is the Downing Street tapestries—to make this book so valuable as well as so entertaining.

Most of us know little of the inner workings of the Foreign Office unless we have served in it in some capacity or have had some measure of access either as a journalist or from another department. Antrobus, however, shepherds us gaily under the forbidding porticoes and allows us to wander, as freely as is possible in such places, through the labyrinth of formless rooms and gloomy straggling corridors. (G. W. E. Russell has described "the number and steepness of the stairs, the total absence of light, and the smell of Irish stew.") In such surroundings he shows us some of those at work who have moulded our foreign policy more than most statesmen of the past half-century: such men as Sir Eyre Crowe, Sir Arthur Nicolson and Sir William Tyrrell. He does full justice to Crowe, who in the days of Grey and during the Balfour and Curzon eras was the real driving-power of the F.O. When he died "he had borne the whole weight of the office on his shoulders for many years; in addition he had to supply Curzon with brains and to suffer his exacting demands. For Curzon would not stir hand or foot without Crowe to guide him. This was indeed the most sensible thing that Curzon ever did, but it meant that Crowe was called upon, at all hours of day and night, to counsel and comfort the restless, petulant, uneasy Marquess." It will be seen that George Antrobus had clear-cut opinions and was not a man to mince his words. In the process of recalling the work of administrators he has perforce to describe other affairs in which they

differed with their Parliamentary chiefs, and this gives him opportunity for a series of candid—some people might think too candid—estimates of the latter. Little he says about Grey or Curzon has not been more or less accepted, and his judgment of Asquith and Baldwin shows both fairness and a long-range sense of history. His contrast between Ramsay MacDonald and Lloyd George makes excellent reading and he sees both sides of both men. For Mr. MacDonald he had a profound sympathy not unmixed with admiration, as will be seen by the fact that, in spite of a rather bewildering candour as to that statesman's mental equipment, he states his final conviction that he was the greatest Briton of our epoch. He had the courage to change his mind when he was convinced that he was wrong. In a politician this is a very rare achievement, and I can recall only one instance—Gladstone. One wonders, if he had lived till now, whether he would have excluded the present Prime Minister.

We might go on discussing these political judgments, which include a full-length portrait of Neville Chamberlain as an international statesman. But this would be to give a false idea of these Memoirs as being more concerned with ideas than with life. The Silver Greyhound has more opportunity of observing life of many kinds in the course of his European journeys or at any rate at both ends of them, if we accept Mr. Harold Nicolson's estimate of the Corps as the dyspeptic denizens of the *wagons-lits*. Antrobus's account of all this side of things is full of intimate and revealing anecdote seldom, if sometimes slightly, spiced with malice. The word is used in the Pickwickian sense. None could have borne him any in return.

(Other reviews of recent books will be found on page xxii.)

NEWMARKET RACING

A GREAT TWO DAYS

THE raising of the curtain at the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, following as it does upon the preliminaries at the Craven Meeting, is always of interest and affords the first real, classic test for three year olds. This year, despite the prevalent conditions, it was no exception to the general rule. Of the 20 horses listed on the official card for the Two Thousand Guineas all, with the exception of The Derby Star who split a pastern recently, went to the post, and in the paddock beforehand the picks, on looks, seemed to be Mr. J. V. Rank's Orthodoxy, who won the Free Handicap so easily; Lord Portal's Sun Castle, who has improved a lot since the last meeting but still needs time; Devonian who, like Orthodox and Sun Castle, is by the Derby and St. Leger winner Hyperion and is not yet at concert pitch; the neat but very small Morogoro; Selim Hassan, another of Hyperion's get, who was put down in grand trim by the Duchess of Norfolk; Camperdown, a short-coupled, well boned colt who belongs to Sir Victor Sassoon and is trained by Miss Clayton; and Lambert Simnel, a well made, easy-actioned bay, bred and owned by the Duke of Westminster.

In every way an attractive colt, Lambert Simnel won fairly comfortably—the official verdict was two lengths and a length and a half—from Morogoro and Sun Castle, with Owen Tudor occupying the fourth position. One of the first crop of runners by Mr. J. A. Dewar's Fair Trial, for whom a very big offer was recently made on behalf of the National Stud, the winner is from Simnel, a Blandford mare who was bred by Mr. P. FitzGerald and was out of Nicest, a daughter of Chaucer who belongs to the No. 2 Bruce Lowe family which originated in the Burton Barb mare who was a resident in the Hampton Court Stud during the reign of Charles II. Impressive though this victory was, it may prove to have been a lucky one as, five or six furlongs from home, something came right across the field and stopped Morogoro just as his jockey Harry Wragg was starting his run.

Despite this, which many onlookers did not see but which Wragg confirms, Lambert Simnel will without a doubt be an automatic favourite for the Derby which has now been scheduled for Newmarket in place of Newbury and is due, all things being satisfactory, to take place, as it should, at Headquarters on June 18. Naturally a win for this colt, carrying the "yellow and black cap" of his owner, would revive memories of the halcyon days of the Eaton Stud and of such horses as Doncaster, Bend Or, Ormonde, Orme and Flying Fox and, furthermore, it might persuade the present Duke to come on to the Turf more as a breeder-owner than, as he has been hitherto, a breeder-vendor. Nothing would be more satisfactory than this, more especially as all the Duke's horses are in the charge of the ever-popular Fred Templeman, who steered Grand Parade to victory in the Derby of 1919; but, and it is a very big but, breeding in the classics is important upon a rising scale, and, though Lambert Simnel ran the mile race for the "Guineas" in such easy style, it is justifiable to wonder whether, being, as he is, by a horse with a limitation of stamina of at most 10 furlongs and from a sire line that has not been prolific in the production of stayers, he will be able to encompass the extra half-mile of the Derby distance. True it is that Blue Peter, who is of a similar male stirp, won the last peacetime Derby, but exceptions are only made to prove the rule and it seems at the moment that, unless Fred Darling has a better one than either Morogoro or Owen Tudor in his stable, the substitute for the Epsom classic will go either to Lord Portal, through the aid of Sun Castle who will be ridden by Beasley, or to Lord Glanely, through the medium of Devonian who will have Dick Perryman in the saddle. Both ran well in the Guineas but the muddling pace at which the race was run did not suit either as they want a longer distance and a stronger gallop to bring their stamina into evidence.

The race for the One Thousand Guineas, which was run for on the second day, proved

an equally exciting contest. From a paddock inspection beforehand of the 13 runners Lord Ennisdale's all-quality filly Rubina; Mr. Blagrave's short-coupled filly Shrimp Sauce, who is a credit to her sire King Salmon; the American-bred Booklet; Keystone, who sported blinkers in the race; and Lord Glanely's Dancing Time, stood out on looks. Actually the last-named seemed to go short in front as she walked round, but this was evidently more apparent than real as she strode out freely going down to the post and in the race itself was all too good for Beausite, Keystone, Turkana and the others. The official verdict was one length and two lengths but she had more in hand than this and gave Perryman a very comfortable ride. Owner bred and claiming Manna's son Colombo, who won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Eclipse Stakes and other events of £26,228, as her sire, she is out of Show Girl a Son-in-Law mare, who was purchased by Lord Glanely from the late Mr. Frank Curzon for 1,500gs. She was from Comedy Star, a daughter of the Derby winner Sunstar, who never won a race, but like the Derby winner Call Boy, Comedy King who was successful in the North Derby, the Breeders' St. Leger and other events of £7,442, and Strolling Player, who won the British Dominion Two Year Old Plate and the Exeter Stakes before being exported to America, was out of Comedienne she by Bachelor's Double. Just as with Lambert Simnel, there must, on breeding, be a doubt as to this filly's stamina as she is of practically similar tail-male descent, though the line of Son-in-Law blood that she gets through her dam may, to a certain extent, increase this. Devonian and Dancing Time would make a very popular double for Lord Glanely, Lawson and Dick Perryman. At the time of writing the suggestion is merely a suggestion and nothing more; there is heaps of time to give further consideration to the races which will be run for at Newmarket and not, as I was made to say—owing to a printer's error—in my last article, Newbury.

ROYSTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET

OFFER OF 2,965 ACRES IN DORSET

UNLESS, as is quite likely, the Langton and Tarrant estates are privately sold in the meanwhile, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Mr. B. S. Allen will offer them by auction at Blandford on May 22. The sale will include Langton House, a mansion of seven reception-rooms with 30 bedrooms, and 15 acres of grounds, five farms, namely, Launceston, 880 acres, East, 260 acres, Monkton, 500 acres, and two others, some small holdings, a score of cottages and small houses, and much woodland. The total acreage is brought by Armswell Farm, Mappowder, of 406 acres, up to 2,965 acres. The various lots afford fine parkland and riverside sites.

Executors are prepared to treat for the sale of a choice house with studio in the north-west corner of Essex. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. invite proposals in the region of £4,750 for the entire freehold of 23 acres. The house is exceptionally substantial and well planned, and there is a nice modern cottage. The garage and outbuildings are of ample dimensions, and there are a kitchen garden and orchard. About half the land is let at a useful rental.

CHOICE FURNITURE

SIR CLIFFORD J. CORY'S executors have retained Messrs. Hampton and Sons to dispose of the valuable contents of Llantarnam Abbey, Monmouthshire. The auction is to be held on May 13-16 (inclusive). An Aubusson tapestry *salon* suite, notable paintings and drawings and the books, porcelain and silver are only a few of the items in a catalogue that teems with valuable and rare lots. Two motor cars will also come under the hammer.

SALES UP THE THAMES

SIR ERNEST SANGER'S executors have sold Lee Farm, Hurley, a fine Georgian house, with a number of cottages and nearly 10 acres. Messrs. Nicholas acted for the vendors. The buyer was a client of Mr. Cyril Jones. Another purchase by the same agent is that of the well known fully

licensed freehold, The Spread Eagle, at Thame. His total turnover in transactions lately in properties at Taplow, Cookham Dean, Bray and Maidenhead, exceeds £85,000.

Although the number of auctions has shown a temporary decrease in the last week or two, those which have included farms have been well attended, and the competition has left nothing to be desired by the vendors. West End Farm, a freehold of eight acres, at Trudoxhill, was sold with possession for £1,625, by Messrs. Harding and Sons, at Frome. For approximately 19 acres of pasture, in Wainfleet All Saints, Messrs. Simons, Ingamells and Young accepted a bid of £1,650, at a Spilsby auction.

Large houses with a few acres, on the outskirts of a good many country towns, have been sold at excellent prices during the past fortnight. Recent sales by Messrs. Norman R. Lloyd and Co., at Welshpool, include Maesnewydd, a Montgomeryshire freehold of 25 acres, in Meifod, for £2,660.

CURRENT RESIDENTIAL BARGAINS

COUNTRY houses, most of them in what are regarded as "safe" areas, are to be let or sold by Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices. One that has been modernised in a costly manner may be had with 90 acres, in South Devon; and noteworthy on account of the price, only £1,500, is a freehold of four acres on the border of Northamptonshire.

The sum of £3,000, quoted by Messrs. Bentall, Horsley and Baldry for a stone house and 10 acres, near Taunton, is said to be about half what the property cost.

Hutton Court, a striking house of fifteenth-century origin, on the outskirts of Weston-super-Mare, may be bought with five acres, for £3,000, through the agency of Mr. Percy Palmer, whose Weston-super-Mare office can negotiate the sale of about 50 acres of adjoining woodland as well.

Welsh property of 270 acres, with a modern house in the Elizabethan style, is offered by Messrs. Tresidder and Co. The home farm, a well equipped holding, is let. Like some of the other country

houses in their current list, this one would be let.

Prices are quoted by Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor, among them £3,150 for a delightful Queen Anne house and three acres, seven miles from Hertford; and £5,250 for a Georgian stone house, finely panelled, and an acre, on the border of Devon and Dorset.

LAVINGTON PARK SALE

IMPORTANT alterations were made by Sir Edwin Lutyens in the arrangement of the house, Lavington Park, near Petworth, the greater part of the estate of which is to be sold next month. As announced in COUNTRY LIFE last week, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are, on the instructions of the trustee of the late Captain Euan Wallace, to offer by auction 1,260 acres of farms, wood and other parts of the estate, excluding the house and park.

The alterations made by Sir Edwin Lutyens, acting on behalf of Captain Euan Wallace, in effect changed the principal entrance of the house from one side to the other.

The house, an architectural extension and elaboration of the villa built in 1794, constitutes the present east wing of the mansion. The wing replaced an Elizabethan house, which had towers and other imposing features. Mr. John Sargent, M.P., a friend of the poet Hayley, and he himself a writer of verse, retained James Lewis, architect in 1812-15 of the domed centre and parts of the wings of Bethlem Hospital and of certain buildings for Christ's Hospital. The villa at Lavington Park has been called (COUNTRY LIFE, July 25, 1925) "severely chaste." It is a simple rectangular block with a balustraded parapet and a low tetrastyle portico. The existing mansion, though twice the size of the villa, amplifies but does not distort the basic scheme, and its designers were Mr. Detmar Blow and Mr. Owen Carey Little. A subsidiary wing, erected soon after the completion of Lewis's villa, now forms the centre of the south front.

In 1903, Mr. Detmar Blow designed a billiard room at the west end of this range, repeating with

modifications the original east end. In 1912-13 Mr. Little designed a north-west wing which, from the north, balances the old east wing; and the new block contains a ballroom. The stables were built in 1903, to designs by Mr. Detmar Blow, in what may be called a rustic English baroque style.

It is said that, when the first sketches of the proposed stabling were presented to Mr. James Buchanan (later Lord Woolavington) he rejected them as too pretentious and suggested that Mr. Blow should look at some of the Hyde Park lodges, as being more the sort of thing he wanted. The

suggestion seems to have been to some extent acted upon, though the stables are said to be more "reminiscent of the military architecture of the Restoration as exemplified at Plymouth and Tilbury."

Lavington Park has associations with bygone owners of more than local distinction. One of the daughters of Mr. Sargent, the building-owner of the villa, was the wife of Manning, incumbent of the parish. She was buried in the churchyard, and from the parish went Manning when he entered the Church of Rome. Another daughter became the

wife of Bishop Wilberforce and inherited the estate.

In 1900 descendants of the bishop sold Lavington Park to Mr. Buchanan, who, as Lord Woolavington, achieved distinction as a breeder of thoroughbreds, and his successes on the Turf were represented at Lavington Park by a lordly array of cups. Lord Woolavington was a notable and discriminating collector of old works of art relating to racing and a patron of modern painters of sporting subjects. Some of the pictures in his Lavington Park collection were reproduced in *COUNTRY LIFE* on July 25, 1925.

ARBITER.

HIGH QUALITY SILAGE

RESULTS OF 1940 AND THE NEEDS OF 1941: by W. R. PEEL, D.S.O.

THE national campaign last autumn was hampered by the drought, but those farmers who were able to make high quality silage came through the winter with far less difficulty and anxiety than those who made none. With the approach of summer farmers often forget the troubles they have experienced during the winter that is past and make no provision, apart from the production of hay, for the coming winter. The farmer lays aside a certain area of his grassland for hay and keeps the remainder for grazing. He arranges the number of stock he keeps, not by the production of grass during the period of highest production, but by what he estimates his pastures will carry when they are at their lowest yield during the grazing season. In early summer conditions are favourable for growth and, even though the spring may be late, there soon comes a time when there is a rush of grass and there is more on the pastures than the stock can eat. Before the war, on most farms this surplus grass was wasted. The farmer, advisedly, did not put it up for hay because he was likely to require the field for grazing before it could be cleared of hay. He did not cut it while still young and immature because immature grass is difficult to make into hay and the weather at this time is usually against hay-making.

HIGH FEEDING VALUE

The surplus grass in early summer can be made into high quality silage. In fact it is ideal for the purpose because at this time of the year it is growing fast, it is leafy with little or no stem and it is, therefore, of very high feeding value. A field which is put up for silage in early summer is only out of action for grazing for a few weeks, for as soon as the grass is cut for silage, a fresh supply quickly appears because growth is rapid, and the field is ready for grazing within a short space of time. The silage made from this grass by the molasses process will replace concentrated food in an animal's ration. Practical experience has shown that six tons of such silage has a feeding value equivalent to and will replace one ton of con-

centrated food properly balanced for milk production and for growth. It provides all the minerals and vitamins, which many concentrated foods do not contain, necessary for health.

In early summer moderately good grassland will yield four tons to the acre, which represents three tons of high quality silage when taken out of the silo. A cow giving two gallons of milk per day, a good winter average for a herd of dairy cows, requires three tons of high quality silage for the production part of the animal's ration during the six winter months. Every acre of grass saved from the grazing area in early summer produces all the concentrated food required by a cow giving an average yield of milk during the winter. It is true that every farmer has a smaller area of grassland than he had two years ago because of the plough-up policy, but even so there is certain to be, on most farms, a part of the grazing area from which a cut for silage can be taken in early summer. Indeed if the farmer top-dresses his grazing land with a quick-acting nitrogenous fertiliser—say 2cwt. per acre sulphate of ammonia or its equivalent—and if he rations his grass, as he should do, by rotational or "on and off" grazing, then he can greatly increase the amount of grass available for silage.

Since high quality silage can replace concentrated food, it might be argued that a farmer would be well advised to reduce the area under hay so as to cut a greater area for silage in early summer. In some cases this may be a wise course to follow, but on the majority of dairy farms it will not be, because, if the head of stock is to be maintained next winter, just as much and in fact more hay will be required than in the past. Good hay will supply the maintenance part of a dairy cow's ration and will do a little—only a little—towards production. Before the war, on many farms, the ration of hay given to the cows was not sufficient to provide for maintenance, and some of the concentrated food was used for this purpose. We cannot afford to do this in war, so that farmers should make all the hay they can. Here, too, better crops can be obtained by the

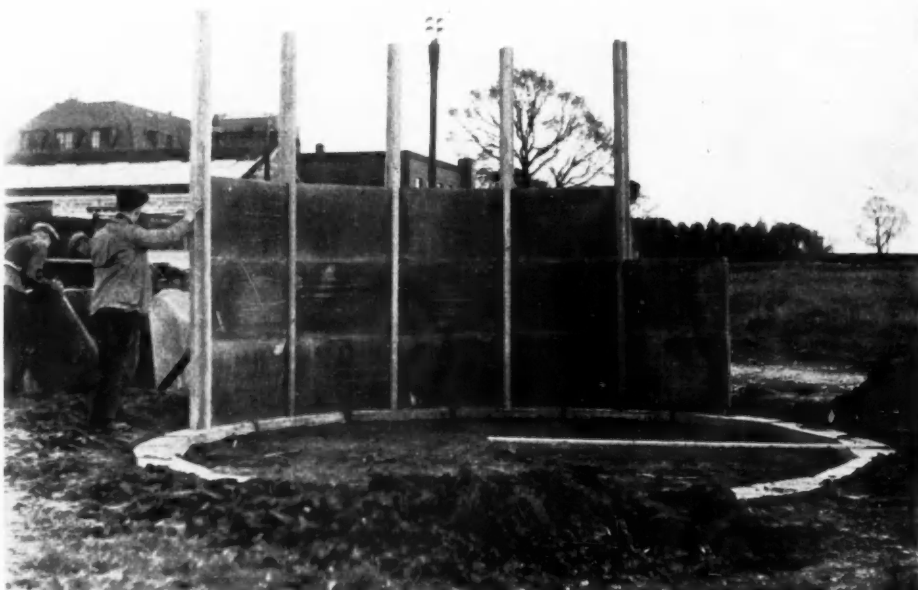
proper use of nitrogenous fertilisers. It is often believed that a periodic dressing of farmyard manure is all that hayland requires. It is not, and such land is invariably starved of nitrogen.

SOME FAULTS AND PRECAUTIONS

The period during which grass is in the right stage of growth for making into high quality silage in early summer is short. As midsummer approaches, grass soon becomes stemmy, and as it approaches maturity its feeding value rapidly decreases. Grass for high quality silage must be cut before the stems appear and all preparations must have been made well in advance. The silo or silos must be on the farm and erected, and a supply of molasses obtained. For making high quality silage a silo above or below ground is necessary, as it cannot be made in a clamp or stack. Last autumn, when farmers appreciated that there would be a shortage of feeding-stuffs in the winter, there was a great demand for silos, which exceeded the supply in some districts. Many ingenious devices were adopted in the construction of makeshift silos, and though on the whole they were satisfactory yet there is invariably more waste in making silage in them than in a properly constructed silo. Steps are being taken by manufacturers to meet the greatly increased demand there will be during the present season. Transport, however, is difficult and, therefore, farmers should order the silos well in advance in order to ensure that they are on the farm when the crop is at the best stage for cutting. A supply of molasses is assured, but the amount is not unlimited and there must be no waste. There are two ways in which molasses can be wasted. First, by applying more than 20lb. of molasses per ton of fresh crop ensiled, an amount now known to be adequate for making the best silage. Secondly, by using molasses when ensiling mature crops such as the following: grass approaching or at the hay stage; arable land silage crops such as oats and vetches; or oats and peas, which are cut at a more or less mature stage because if cut younger the yield is very low. Silages made from these mature or semi-mature crops are not substitutes for concentrated food, but for hay only. They can be made into good silage—not high quality silage—without molasses.

TOO MUCH WASTE

A great number of silages made last autumn have been sampled and analysed. In general it can be said that they were satisfactory. However, those connected with the silage campaign, who were able to see a number of silos when they were opened, found far too much waste in far too many cases. This unnecessary and excessive waste is nearly always the result of the failure to observe the very simple instructions for treading the fresh crop as it is ensiled and for finishing off the silo when filling is complete. A common fault is that the material in the centre of the silo is kept well hearted up, as it should be, but is not given a thorough treading, with the result that the centre settles more than the sides, so that the surface becomes saucer not dome shaped. The sides recede from the walls of the silo, air gets in and there will be anything from six to twelve inches of waste round the sides where there need be none. The treading must be thorough and even over the whole surface. The greatest fault of all is that of not removing the upper parts of the silo (the "oversilo") after settling is complete. If left in position, this acts as a cistern for collecting rainwater which seeps down into the silage and may



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even ruin the whole of it. The oversilo must be removed as soon as settling is complete and the soil covering the silage shaped to form a dome and made to overlap the sides of the silo so as to shed off all water. If the oversilo is left on, then a watertight roof must be provided. In a 15ft. diameter silo—where the silage has settled to 6ft.—12ins. of waste round the sides means a loss of $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons of silage, and if, in addition, there is a waste of 1ft. deep on the top, as there may be, through bad topping off, a further $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons of silage are lost. Thus the total losses in one silo represent the concentrated food required by more than two dairy cows during the winter.

High quality silage can be made in early summer because the grass at this time is leafy. For the same reason high quality silage can be made from aftermath grass in late summer or autumn. There are few species and strains of grass which put up flowering stems in the aftermath, and the majority of grasses and clovers remain in a leafy condition until cut down by frost. The period during which high quality silage can be made is, therefore, longer

in autumn than in early summer. In a year of drought like 1940 there may be little aftermath grass and, therefore, as much silage as possible from early summer grass should be made. After the hay crop is removed, if the weather is favourable for growth, the aftermath should be top dressed with a quick-acting nitrogenous fertiliser so as to ensure a good yield.

It may be contended that, with the decreased acreage of grassland, farmers will be forced to graze all their aftermaths, as at this time of the year the pastures which have been grazed all the summer are "tired" and yield little. This reputed "fatigue" can be greatly reduced by better management of the grazing and the grassland. Rotational grazing, where it can be practised, has everything to recommend it. Pastures so grazed produce more and better grass and waste is avoided. The stock do better from the frequent changes of grazing and from having a fresh bite at each change. Further, by such management fertilisers, especially nitrogenous fertilisers, used during the grazing season have far greater effect in producing the right kind of grass.

Nearly 4,000,000 acres of grassland have been ploughed up. The loss of this grassland will be felt by some farmers more than by others. Many farms were understocked before the war and the loss will not be felt to any great extent, and the farmer will have no difficulty in finding grass to make into high quality silage to replace the concentrates he will not be able to buy. On the other hand, there are many cases, especially in the dairying districts, where the stocking has been heavy and also the amount of feeding-stuffs purchased high, in which energetic measures will have to be taken to minimise the loss of grassland and the absence of concentrated foods. Careful rationing of the grass to the grazing animal by "on and off" or rotational grazing: unstinted use of nitrogenous fertilisers when conditions are favourable for growth on land for grazing, for hay and for silage: and the making and taking every opportunity for producing high quality silage from young leafy grass:—these precautions must be taken this summer to meet the difficulties of next winter, which are likely to be far greater than in the last.

FARMING NOTES

THE BEST TREATMENT FOR WIREWORM

WIREWORM had a rare chance this spring to spoil the corn on land newly ploughed out of grass. The young corn stood still in the east winds of the cold snap which saw out April, and we are left with some bare patches to bear testimony to the activity of wireworm. In a more genial spring, with April showers and sunshine such as we like to believe typical of the English climate, the corn might have grown away from the pest and taken no harm. Thanks to early ploughing and thorough cultivations on much of the new land this time the attack is not too severe. Not everyone will agree with this view, but I am convinced that cultivations have a good deal to do with the severity of wireworm attack. Turned over early and worked thoroughly, the sod is cleared of insect life by rooks and starlings. They take the chance of frequent cultivations to find a meaty meal. The rooks will help too after the corn is up if the roller is used often enough to bring the wireworm up to the surface within their reach.

REPEATED rolling is the best antidote to wireworm attack, and the thicker the rooks come after the roller the more effective the treatment. The ring or Cambridge roll is one of the most useful tools we have in the war-time farming of the lighter soils. The pace needs to be steady. Rolling is not a job to hurry even in this mechanised age, when the progressive farmer likes to have everything running in top gear. Another weapon against wireworm in the farmer's armoury is a dose of nitrogenous fertiliser sown with the corn. This helps to give the plant a quick, strong start. But repeated rolling is the thing—five or six times when the wireworm are doing serious damage. It is lack of knowledge and experience of such matters among so many small farmers that makes disappointing crops. Being cow-keepers and knowledgeable at that business, rather than proper farmers, they do not know what to do and when to do it. Many of them want to do the job properly, but they are dependent entirely on any neighbours who have some arable sense and some implements, or on the war agricultural committees to help them out.

THIS lack of arable sense is one of the big problems in the regeneration of British farming. It will come with experience, but the nation cannot afford a great many crop failures while the cow-keeper is learning to be an arable farmer. He deserves more help than he gets. The local member of the war agricultural committee may be doing all he can to guide and advise the dovers, but it is quite beyond the reach of one man, however able and active, to visit 50 or 60 farms in the spring and keep a constant eye on those who need day-to-day

help. In some counties the committees have appointed parish representatives, asking them to keep an eye on six or ten farms, and this division of the work answers well where there are at least a few local farmers with a good arable sense and the goodwill to give their experience freely for the benefit of others and the nation at large.

Happily it is rare to-day to find a farmer who is secretive about his methods. Ideas and beliefs are exchanged much more freely than twenty years ago. Some of the older men keep themselves to themselves and are not very communicative, but there is no lack of good advice on all manner of practical points if the advice can be got round to those who need it most. It would be a great help in many districts if one or two men of the farm foreman type with good experience of arable farming methods could spend their time visiting small farmers who need advice. Their visits would be appreciated. It is a service that the war agricultural committees might provide.

DEVON is tackling some bold ventures this season. Steep hillsides have been ploughed and planted with potatoes and on the moors land has been broken and, I should judge, some ploughs broken too. One stretch of land looked little but boulders from the road, but four men and two carts were busy carrying them to the edges of the field out of the way of future cultivations. The land promises to be capable of growing potatoes. Potatoes like humus, and do not object to some acidity as much as wheat or barley, so this moorland venture, earmarked for potatoes this season and oats next, should produce a useful return in extra food for the nation. The work, so I was told, is being done by the war agricultural committee itself. To require a farmer to tackle the job would hardly have been reasonable, and the directions served by the committees must be reasonable or they fail to command the force of the law in a court case.

I WONDER how much silage will be made this year. Advice from the Ministry of Agriculture stresses strongly the virtues of silage, and virtues there are undoubtedly. In a growing summer a good deal of grass aftermath and surplus herbage in the pastures may go to waste unless it is caught in August or September. Silage appeals to me as a means of saving aftermath which is not needed for direct consumption by stock at the time it is growing, but I am unmoved in my faith in well made hay as the most economical product. In nine years out of ten we can make good hay. There is super-hay such as we got last year, good hay, and poor hay, and in only one year in ten do we fail to make hay at least as good as average quality silage. With a smaller acreage laid up for hay this year we shall have a better chance

than usual to make what is cut into good hay. It is not too early, by the way, to get out the mowing machine and make sure that it is in working order. Renewals and spare parts will not arrive just when wanted this season. They should be ordered now.

THERE is not likely to be much difficulty about getting a reduction of 5 per cent. in the number of dairy cows in the country. This means culling one cow out of a herd of twenty, and there are few herds which could not take with advantage a slightly extra severe culling this season. The average dairy herd numbers no more than 17-18 cows, so that if every farmer will weed out one cow extra, the desired reduction can be achieved. In practice, the culling could be much harder without any appreciable loss and probably will. Every milk producer by now realises that supplies of cake will be short next winter, and it is common sense to clear any passengers out of the herd by the autumn. The meat prices for old cows have been raised to encourage farmers to cull, and we shall undoubtedly see more old cows marketed for slaughter in the second half of June and onwards. It would be a pity to dry them off now, when the grass is growing and they are giving a peak output. That may not be very high, but every gallon of milk counts in building up a cheese reserve for next winter. When milk yields begin to fall off will be the time to say good-bye to some of the elderly ladies who cannot be carried through next winter.

BRIGHT green jerseys and khaki breeches are becoming a common sight in agricultural England. The Women's Land Army has some 9,000 volunteers in regular work, and almost without exception they seem to have fitted in well. More are being trained. At one farm institute last week I saw three girls learning to handle a horse and roller on the wheat. The horse was on the lively side and needed holding, but the girls were soon in effective charge. This is the kind of job that does well to break in a town girl who knows nothing about horses. She cannot make a serious mistake even if the rolling is a bit awry and some of the ground is covered twice. No doubt more women will be wanted on farms and more in gardens before the end of the summer. Many of the younger gardeners so far reserved will have to join the Colours shortly, and there is bound to be a call for more Women's Land Army members to take on their jobs. Gardening may not seem very exciting as a form of war work, but where vegetables are being produced it is an essential service that women can with some training undertake well and release able-bodied men for the Services.

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GOAT-KEEPING CAN BE WELL WORTH WHILE

By MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH

THE answer to the question "Are goats worth keeping?" depends largely on the facilities available. On the farm the goat is not likely to be a worth-while proposition, but on small holdings, and especially those in rough, hilly or wooded country, the animal is of the greatest potential economic value from the national war-time viewpoint.

There is a misconception among those who have not kept them that goats are suitable for tethering on lawns "to keep the grass down," but the goat is not really a grazer of grass but is a browser of bushes. Thus, three or four acres of rough woodland, fenced in with chestnut paling and supplied with a shelter shed, would be a more valuable pasture than a good grass field. A roomy stable or other suitable out-building and a kitchen garden to provide waste greenstuff, with, in addition, a certain amount of land for the growing of swedes, mangolds, hay, lucerne and oats for those in milk are other desirable facilities for the profitable keeping of an effective-sized herd.

One or two goats can, however, be kept with advantage by anyone who is free to give them the necessary attention three times a day and who has a sufficient supply of vegetable waste of one sort or another all the year round. At the same time the war-time function of the goat is, primarily, to convert brambles and scrub into valuable human food, rather than to compete with other classes of stock for animal feeding-stuffs.

Scientific research comparing the goat with the cow as a milk producer brings to light several interesting facts (*Goat Research*, by S. A. Asdell. Cornell University, N.Y., U.S.A., 1938). The quality of the two milks is equal; the goat grows twice as fast as the cow, yet its span of productive life is equally long. In length of the lactation period the goat wins, and it produces more milk per unit of body weight than the cow, but the over-all efficiency of the two animals as milk producers is much the same. Each produces the same amount of milk from the same total food intake. The cow is much less trouble than the goat, so the justification for the latter is that it can produce milk from either dried or fresh leaves and twigs of bushes that are otherwise unexploited.

Through neglect of grazing owing to the agricultural depression since the last war, our commons have become too heavily bushed to be suitable for sheep or cows, but they provide ideal pasturage for goats. The best method would be for local residents to form a small club, affiliated to the British Goat Society. Thus pooling their resources, they would be able

to afford to keep a really good pedigree male and could arrange to provide a child to guard and guide the communal herd.

This is the system adopted in parts of Switzerland, where the goat is quite an important animal. The club could take a small acreage of underwood to cut, in full leaf, in May for the making of the "bush hay" which is the favourite winter food of the goat. The branches are merely dried in the sun and then hung up in bundles beneath the roof of a shed. If carefully handled the leaves stay on until the following spring.

Where such communal herding is practised abroad the usual procedure is for the goats to go out to browse in the morning, after their morning feed and milking in their homes, and to return in the evening, each to her private stall or box, for the same purpose. This applies to the Toggenburg, Saanen and Alpine breeds. The shaggy, horned, Schwarzhals goats are hardier and do not need to spend the night indoors, but are returned to the mountains to sleep in their lairs.

When browsing facilities are not available goats are best kept in either stalls or loose-boxes in a shed with an exercise yard attached. Under these conditions they will require three regular meals a day. A hay rack and a 9in. bucket firmly supported in a wire ring provide the necessary receptacles. Goats are very wasteful of hay, picking out the herbs that they like and letting the rest fall to the floor. As they are so fastidious that they will not touch anything soiled by contact with the floor or by their own feet, it is economical to study



A GOAT FROM THE ROYAL HERD AT WINDSOR

their preferences. They do not care for even the best lea hay if it contains, as it usually does, a large proportion of cocksfoot and rye grass, though they like the clover. Lucerne and clover hay are less wastefully consumed, and the rough hay from scrubby banks and roadsides is particularly liked. As for the more concentrated production ration for those in milk, all the following are suitable in variety:—bran, oats, beet pulp, flaked maize, potatoes, swedes, mangolds, dairy nuts and kale.

Goats vary very much in their appetites, and a safe rule is to give only as much as the animal will consume quickly and eagerly and to remove the bucket as soon as it starts nosing about. When not in use the buckets should be hung out in the open air to sweeten. They should be frequently washed, or the goat will lose interest in its food. All prospective goat-keepers should join the British Goat Society, for the Society's publications give full information on all points of management.

Goats are pleasant and affectionate animals to deal with, being full of character, and I should rate their intelligence as being at least equal to that of the dog. A good nanny, well cared for and regularly milked twice a day, will yield up to a gallon of rich white milk for a long period. The male kids make good eating at from three to six weeks and the meat, being unrationed, is particularly acceptable in these times. Nannies are cleanly animals and free from smell, but the male emits a powerful odour which is unpleasant at first. This odour has strange therapeutic properties which are not completely understood, but its action in combating contagious abortion in cows, staggers in horses and, even, influenza in human beings is commonly employed. This method has not been scientifically proved, but has apparently been effective in many cases.

The chief difficulty in starting goat keeping at the present time is the shortage of good nannies, but there are plenty of kids for sale and one of the best methods is to buy a couple of pedigree nanny kids and rear them on the bottle. This means a delay of 18 months before milk is produced, but the goats grow up with you and really know their home.



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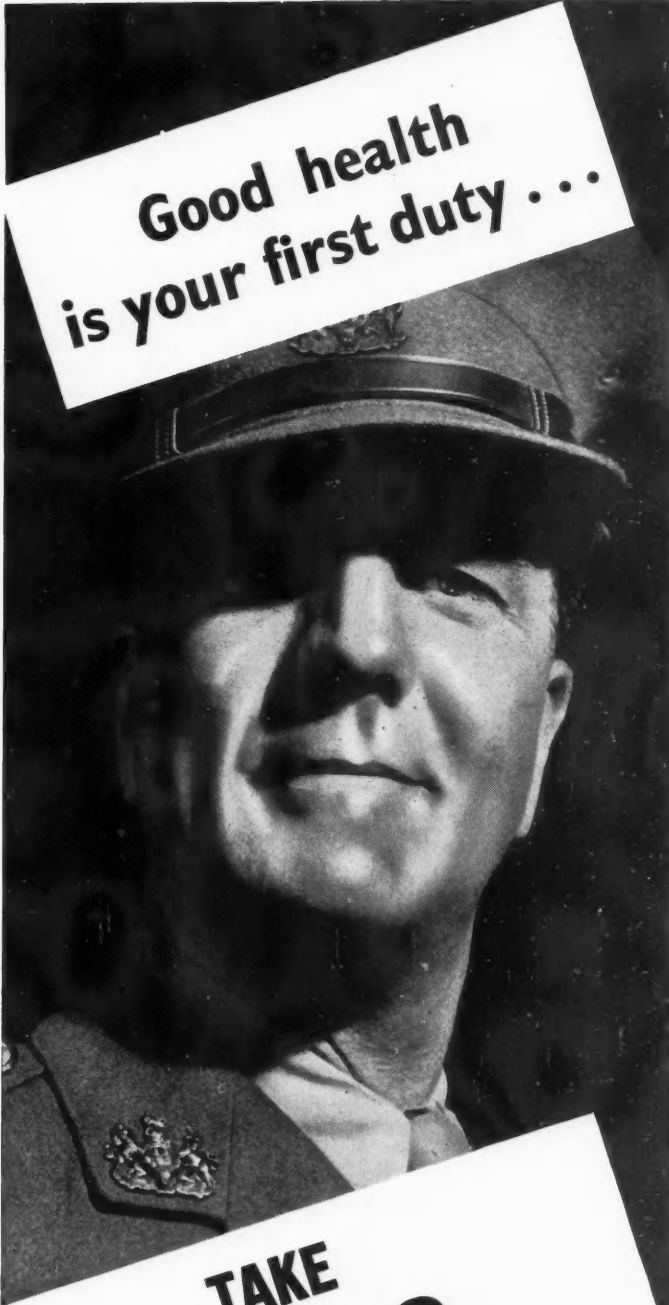
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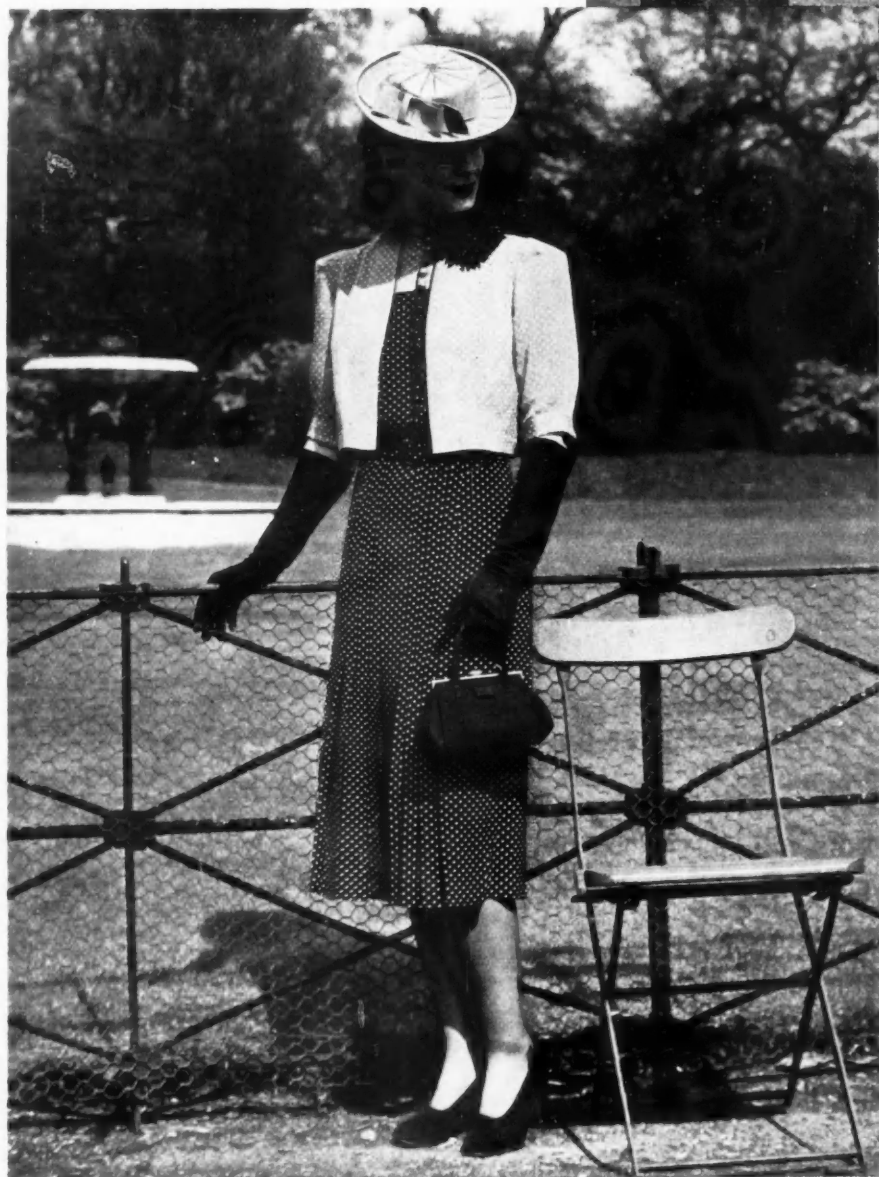
By ISABEL CRAMPTON

THESE could not be a better suggestion when the question of summer frocks is under consideration than a visit to Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's of 27-37, Wigmore Street, W.1. I have always particularly liked their creations in this *genre*, and at their latest dress show thought them even nicer than ever. I had taken a friend with me and she fortified my impression by her approval and, in particular, chose for admiration the dress shown in the photograph at the bottom of this page. It is indeed a very charming creation and also quite a practical one, though that might not be the first idea that would spring to life at the sight of it. Carried out in dull crepe of two colours and with its own little steward's jacket, it is suitable for wear on formal occasions or in town. In the version with which we fell in love the dress was fashioned in black with a pattern of little white dots—and dots at the moment can do no wrong anywhere—with the yoke and little jacket in the same material with again white dots but with a ground of a very pleasant and becoming yellow. The dress in the other picture had a white pattern on a currant red ground and a sash coming from each side of the front panel of the skirt of black velvet ribbon which was repeated in a bow on the *corsage*. The detail of this dress is very good, the arrangement of the bodice very noticeably so, and the skirt is very well cut. The bag carried, the shoes, and the nice short-long gloves, all come from Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, as do also the two pretty hats, one in yellow to match the black and yellow frock and the other in black felt with a most attractive *lingerie* trimming.

Lots of women when war was declared gave thought to the matter of hairdressing and very wisely decided to



(Above) RED PRINTED CREPE WITH A WHITE PATTERN AND BLACK VELVET SASH



(Left) A CHARMING AND PRACTICAL DRESS AND COAT IN BLACK AND YELLOW WITH WHITE SPOTS

simplify it for themselves as much as possible, knowing that opportunities of visiting one's hairdresser's and time to spend on it would not be as of old. Even they, however, are finding it difficult to maintain the standard that most of us set ourselves—and rightly, the neat head is a charm in every woman and essential for the woman whose hair is fading or turning grey. However simple one's style, it needs more attention to maintain it than can always be given at the right moment, and many people are finding that artificial aids in the form of curls over the brow or on the top of the head or at the sides, easy to attach and perfectly matching their own hair, are a great standby. No one is better for this sort of thing or more ready, in fact eager, to consider the needs of the individual client than Mr. André Hugo (180, Sloane Street, S.W.1), who, by the by, makes no charge to his customers for advising them.

Linen almost unbelievably lovely in texture and colour and quite uncrushable was a great feature of a dress show which *Spectator Sports* recently held at 30, Cavendish Square, W.1. One of their linen dresses in brown with a very neat belted jerkin and the very slightest relief in the way of white stitching was exquisite, and there was a frock in a lovely red with scalloped edges to the sleeves and a very original collar which was well worth noting. A new colour which was practically *café au lait* but had been christened "nude" was used for two dresses, one semi-evening, one a real

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evening toilette with long skirt. Both had plain belts and skirts and a V-shaped *décolletage* trimmed with fine black lace. These were extremely effective. Very short skirts and very low V-necks were features to note.

I think that I must be the only woman of my acquaintance—if I may claim to be so wise as to know myself—who is not knitting, and that is only because my results are so far from satisfactory as to be wasteful. Looking around at my knitting friends I cannot help feeling that the introduction of a new knitting material will be of interest to many of them. This is a mixture of Courtauld's "Tested-Quality" rayon in the form of "Fibro" with wool, and the result is Argosy Fibro-Wool, of if you like a knobby effect better, Argosy Fibro and Wool Crepe. I have taken the opinions of inveterate knitters on this yarn and they are all highly in favour of it. It does not shrink in the wash, and the photograph that I am able to reproduce shows how very nicely it works up. The little coat with its yoke effect strikes me as particularly nice and particularly practical. Another side-light on the qualities of rayon has been given me by a marvellous swatch of patterns of "Tested-Quality" materials made from it by various firms. I wish I could show their texture instead of merely writing about it, for it is wonderful, ranging from light, delicate, printed fabrics suited to the hottest summer day, to what might be a hopsack or, again, a light but warm tweed. In between come materials that look like light jersey or linen, or lovely *lingerie* satins and *moirés* and foulards. Colours and designs are excellent; in fact I have never, I think, seen a more tempting display of materials.

Everyone who went to Bush House recently to see the exhibition of Wool Shrinkage Control must have found it extraordinarily interesting. I know that I did, particularly the exhibits which showed three vests—or anythings—one as it came from the weaving machines and two after being subjected to processes equalling many strenuous washings. One of these garments was treated and one left untouched, and the pathetic baby-bear effect of some of the tiny vests and little matted socks that the untreated garments had become was quite moving.

I hear that the Ministry of Supply refuses to accept any clothing for the Forces which has not been treated against shrinking, and that from four or five per cent. the number of manufacturers who can carry it out has risen to about 90 per cent. of the trade. Knitting-wool for Service comforts so treated is obtainable, I am told. A very charming Scottish girl gave me an object lesson on the value of the Cleanse-quick-never-shrink process used by the Irvinebank Dyeworks. A small cloth, half of it treated, was dabbed with dirty oil and washed in "Lux." In a moment the treated part was clean and the same as before, the other, untreated half, brown still and matted and useless after several minutes' washing.



(Left) A SET OF ACCESSORIES IN SCARLET SUEDE

(Below) A CARDIGAN AND JERSEY IN A NEW KNITTING MATERIAL



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FROM THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

(The Book of the Week Review will be found on page 442)



A HUMBER KEEL OFF HULL AND A SMALL BARQUE WEIGHING ANCHOR BEHIND

(From *Curiosities of Town and Countryside*)

AMERICA LOOKS AT ENGLAND

SOME day has given Mrs. Alice Duer Miller the giftie to make us see ourselves as Americans see us. Her slim volume, *The White Cliffs* (Methuen, 2s. 6d.), consists of fifty-two poems; but let it be added hastily that these read as plainly as prose, and as vividly as the autobiography that, in essentials, it seems likely that they are. America has been delighting in this book for several months, and England is certainly going to delight in it, too. It has wisdom and wit; it has invective, tenderness, deep understanding, high lyrical feeling, and unobtrusive but accomplished craftsmanship. The woman who here tells the tale of her life was an American girl, daughter of a New England scholar. Coming to England on a brief visit just before the last war, she began by being wretched:

The English are frosty
When you're no kith and kin
Of theirs, but how they alter
When once they take you in!
The kindest, the truest,
The best friends ever known,
It's hard to remember
How they froze you to a bone!

She met, fell in love with, married an Englishman of the upper classes, and so became

. . . of that unhappy band
Who lose the old, and cannot gain the new.
But it is exactly this No Man's Land position of hers that makes the book. The case of America against England is given with mighty thrusts by the girl's father, when she announces her engagement:

Well, they're a manly, attractive lot,
If you happen to like them, which I do not . . .
They make other nations seem pale and flighty,
But they do think England is God Almighty. . . .
and so on to everyone's huge appreciation, in England as well as in America. For this, although a quarrel, is for ever and inevitably a family quarrel, since

The tree of Liberty grew and changed and spread,
But the seed was English.

For the girl herself the case is more complicated than for her father. She loves, takes thought, takes fright, runs away, is recaptured by her lover, marries him, loses him in the last war, bears his son, settles in England, and is now in danger of losing that son as she lost his father: in war. So she has to get it straight in her own mind whether England is really worth all this sacrifice. Clear-eyed because she is American, not English, she sees our faults and the worst that can be said against us. She longs for America, where you

. . . speak to each man as an equal,
Whether he is or not.

But, clearer-eyed still, she remembers other things that her years in England have taught her, and expresses them most movingly. Therefore, for her, the conclusion of the whole matter is:

. . . I am American bred,
I have seen much to hate here, much to forgive,
But in a world where England is finished and dead,
I do not wish to live.

The whole book, whether in blame or praise, has the intoxicating quality that only passionate

emotion can give. It is the Anglo-American case in a nutshell—a beautifully wrought nutshell with a perfectly sound nut inside it.

BULL'S-EYES

The satirical verse collected in *Sagittarius Rhyming* (Cape, 5s.) dates from 1935-40. The author, who calls herself "Sagittarius" in *The New Statesman* and "Fiddlestick" in *Time and Tide*, scores a remarkable number of bull's-eyes, although in two instances—*Seven Little Balkan Boys* and *O God! O Washington!*—her arrow flies right off the board because the board itself nowadays shifts with such celerity. *Sagittarius* is at her wicked best as a parodist; examples that stand out are:

The curfew does not knell the parting day . . .
'Tis enough we've heard of Eire and the woes
of her . . .

"Is there anybody there?" said Mr. Attlee. . . .

It is the years of Appeasement that provide *Sagittarius* with a constant reservoir for irony; but her fountain pen does not disdain such lesser ink-wells as a quotation from Hansard, a pompous extract from a newspaper or a pious platitude on the wireless. Her disrespectful challenges add both a pinch of salt and a dab of butter to our sober war-time potato, and she is so good in general that it is quite a relief to be able to find one small fault in particular: she permits herself the laziness of inversions.

COLLECTION OF CURIOSITIES

One can hardly help envying Mr. Edmund Vale the pleasant task he must have had in compiling *Curiosities of Town and Countryside* (Batsford, 10s. 6d.), for the book, in its total effect, is like one of those conversations where many talkers draw on their experiences and memories and the whole is studded with bright, small facts, anecdotes and histories. He has divided his curiosities into classes, such as "Curiosities of Sentiment," "Legendary Curiosities," "Natural Curiosities," and "A Note on Follies," and most of these are subdivided so that, whether you want to hear of England's smallest church or a sea fish-pond in Co. Wigtown, the earliest locomotive or an inn with a living sign, you can find it in its appropriate place. The effect on the reader's mind is to suggest that our national curiosities are so many and so interesting that quite a number of post-war holidays might be happily spent in going to look for them.

AGE WILL BE SERVED

"Age will be served"—with these words Mr. Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty recommended for promotion two sub-lieutenants in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. Both of them were men over sixty, one a keen yachtsman of long and varied experience, the other a retired surgeon rear-admiral whose greatest joy in retirement was "messaging about in boats." In *The Gallant Little Campeador* (Methuen, 4s.) Mr. Cecil Hunt tells the story of these two men, their shipmates and their ship, in peace and war, culminating in the tragic loss of the vessel through striking an enemy mine. It is a story which, no doubt, could be duplicated and reduplicated many times over in the record of the doings of small craft in the grim days of war; but it is one which cannot be told too

NEW FABER BOOKS

The Silver Darlings

By NEIL GUNN. This new novel by the author of *Morning Tide* is more than twice the length of any of Mr. Gunn's previous books, and there is not the slightest doubt that it is his greatest and most absorbing work.—*May Book Society Recommendation.* 10/6

From Dunkirk to Benghazi

By 'STRATEGICUS.' The second volume in a survey of the war by the military critic of the *Spectator* whose earlier book, *The War for World Power*, was so highly praised. 10/6

Wessex Wins

By A. G. STREET. A sequel to *Farmer's Glory* and 'the best book A. G. Street has written.'—*John O' London's. Book Society Recommendation.* 8/6

The Story of a Norfolk Farm

By HENRY WILLIAMSON. 'The author of *Tarka the Otter* and *Salar the Salmon* could not write a dull book and this is proof.'—*Manchester Guardian.* Illustrated. 10/6

The Farm on the Hill

By ALISON UTLEY. A companion volume to Mrs. Utley's classic, *The Country Child.* 7/6

Soil and Sense

By MICHAEL GRAHAM. 'Exciting and valuable—both town and country readers will give it full marks—the best book on home farming since the outbreak of war.'—A. G. Street, *Spectator.* 7/6

Best Stories of the Navy

Edited by THOMAS WOODROOFE. 8/6

24, Russell Square, London, W.C.1

METHUEN

The Silent Traveller in the Yorkshire Dales

CHIANG YEE

Written and illustrated by the author. "A book which lovers of the Dales will want to keep and read many times."—*Yorkshire Post.* 8s. 6d.

Windjammer to Westminster

Capt. H. J. MOSS

The autobiography of a man who sought adventure all over the world. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.

A Hollywood burlesque

Hocus Pocus

NOEL LANGLEY

"Wickedly amusing."—*Sunday Times.*

"Diabolically funny."—*Observer.* 7s. 6d.

METHUEN

often. Perhaps one of the most striking things in this brief tribute to the memory of gallant men is the inherent youthfulness of mind and spirit of these grey-haired men whose "age was served" to their great content. "By Jove! I wouldn't be anywhere else in the world," wrote one of them, Surgeon Rear-Admiral Muir; and on another occasion, an officer who went on board the *Campeador* at Portsmouth asked the Surgeon Rear-Admiral what he was doing in that rig—a sub-lieutenant's in the R.N.V.R. "Enjoying life," was the answer given, one cannot doubt, in all sincerity. Mr. Hunt's tribute is a noble one, finely paid; and it may be noted that the author's royalties from the little volume are to be given to the Association of Retired Naval Officers.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

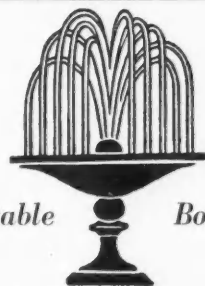
Miss Kate O'Brien is less dramatic in *The Land of Spices* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) than in most of her other books, and the reader who likes the excitement of a great deal of action may find it dull. On the contrary, those to whom character and atmosphere matter most will enjoy intensely this study of an Englishwoman brought up in Belgium who becomes the Reverend Mother of an Irish convent school of the Order of the *Sainte Famille*. Helen Archer, robbed in youth by a cruel experience of her faith in man, has maintained her faith in God and is to that extent fitted for her position, but her type of mind is at once more cosmopolitan, more sophisticated and more sensitive than those of the majority of her Irish nuns. The pressure on her to make the convent the instrument of Irish Nationalism, rather than the channel by which the traditions of her Order may enrich the lives of its scholars, makes the inevitable loneliness of her position almost unbearable. In the nick of time a very little girl, Anna Murphy, a strong character and one sympathetic to the Reverend Mother's, comes to the school, and through her contact with Anna, often very formal, hardly ever emotional, the nun is able to sustain her part in the life of the Order and serve its best purposes until the time of her testing and training in Ireland is over. The various nuns, schoolgirls and priests fill the book with the many figures one expects to find on Miss O'Brien's canvas, and though this will not be her most popular book, it is perhaps the finest she has given us yet.

SENSE AND HUMOUR

It has always been a gift of Miss Una L. Silberrad to fill her novels with what she herself once called in a title "ordinary people." In *The Escape of Andrew Cole* (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.), she displays all her qualities of sterling sense and humorous presentation. Nothing could be more ordinary than a good, simple, elderly man with a well-earned, comfortable income, and a woman—his wife—belonging to a category always touched off with relish by Miss Silberrad: the female holy terror. With these as foundation, with Lettice, a likeable young woman, and Florrie, an even more likeable middle-aged one, the author builds up her tale of lives just before and just after the coming of war. Shrewd, amusing dialogue abounds. Here, for instance, is a sexton on his High Church vicar: "Oh, he antics about. . . . We don't mind, we likes him, so we antics with him; it pleases him, and it don't hurt us." And Florrie is a mine of cogent comment. "It isn't only flies that think they are working the mangle when they are buzzing about the handle. . . ." "After a death, more especially a gentleman's, things crop up. . . ." In short, everything is here out of which Miss Silberrad has created her public, and keeps it.

THE SALE OF BOOKS

The impression seems to have been very general recently that, owing to the difficulties that some publishers have had to face, to the cost of living and other causes, the sale of books must, on the whole, have very seriously decreased. In view of this it is especially interesting to note that many more Book Tokens have been sold so far in 1941 than in the corresponding months of last year. Books, no doubt, are now one of the few forms of amusement open to most people without added danger or cost and the best of propaganda for us abroad, as well as the key to useful knowledge, and companions who never fail, so it should not really surprise us that they are in greater demand. There can have been few periods when amusements were more limited, knowledge more urgently required and chosen companionship a more crying need of those in the Forces and of lonely ones at home. Book Tokens—which are an unfailing resource when one wishes to make a present of a book and does not know what to choose—of course can only represent a small part of the total sale of books, but demand for them may be taken as an indication of what is happening. That their sales are increasing proves beyond a doubt that books must be more sought after than ever. The exemption of books from purchase tax has no doubt contributed to this end with equally happy repercussions on our export trade.



Notable Books

ENGLISH SAGA

Book Society choice, by Arthur Bryant; 25,000 copies sold; Fourth big edition. *The Times* says: "It is a moving expression of a devoted love of England."

BRITAIN IN PICTURES

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MEMOIRS TRAVEL, &c.

Lord Elton's "Notebook in War-time" (7/6); Lord Davies's "Foundations of Victory" (2/6); "Birth of a Spitfire" by Gordon Beckles (3/6); "Indian Harvest" by Pamela Hinkson (16/-). Coming shortly, Leo Walmsley's fine book on "Fishermen at War."

FICTION

Our list includes many famous American novels equally famous in England (as "North-west Passage," "Escape," "All This and Heaven Too," "Dynasty of Death," now 6/- each; "Chad Hanna," (8/6); and English authors equally famous in America (as Howard Spring, Stuart Cloete, Rosamond Lehmann, T. H. White). Note for the summer Kenneth Roberts' new novel "Oliver Wiswell" (10/6).

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Country Life

Vol. LXXXIX. No. 2313.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper and for
Canadian Magazine Post.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1941.

Published Weekly, Price ONE SHILLING.
Subscription Price per annum. Post Free.
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